SPY

June 1992 Volume 6 Number 8

Our *Thirtysomething* Reunion
All New Episodes! All New Whining!

Outing the Mafia
by John Lombardi

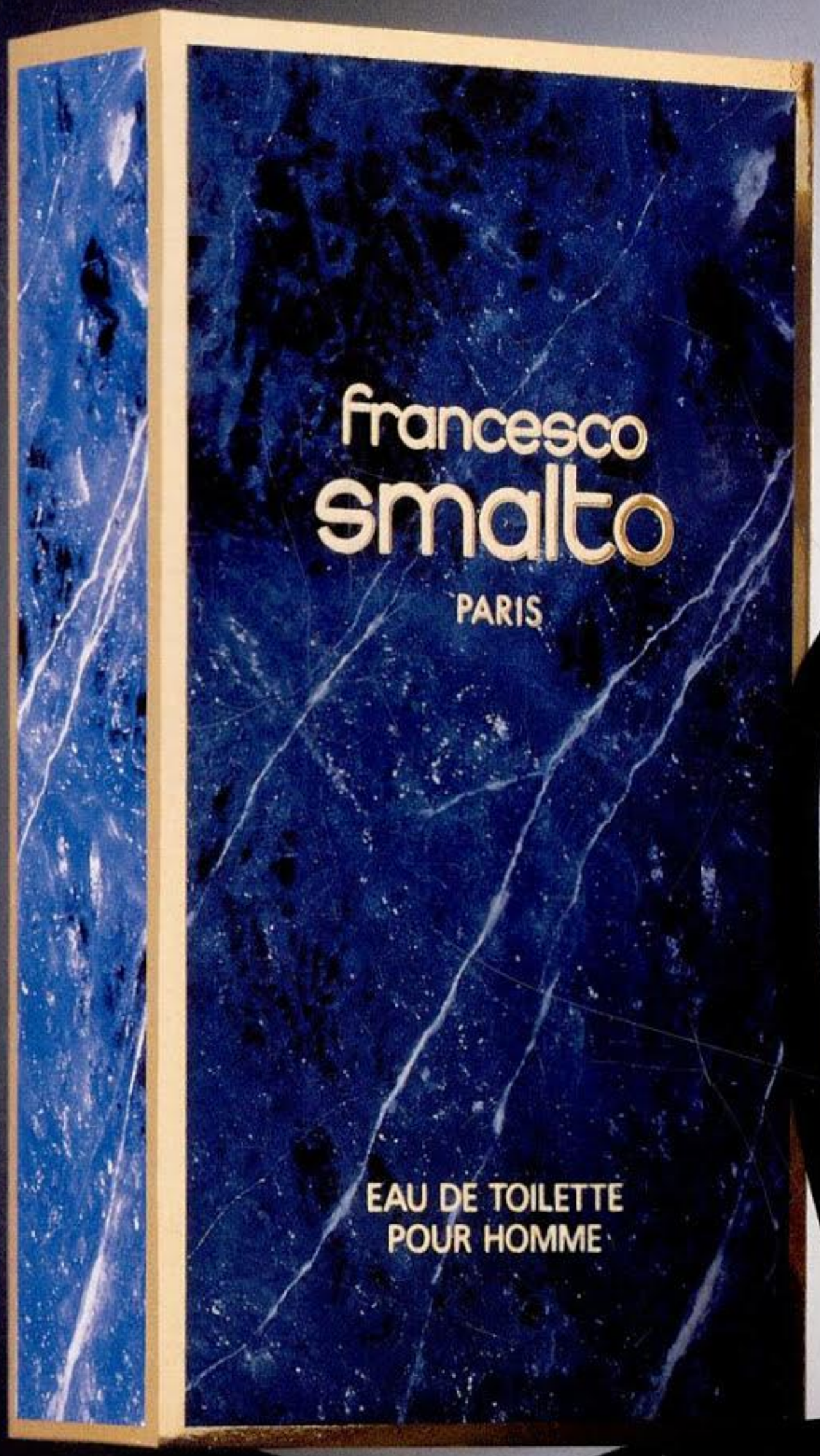
IT'S A GIRL!
THE END OF EVOLUTION

Roseanne and Tom Arnold as That Devolving Family

0 71486 01262 7 06
$2.95 Can. $3.95 U.K. £1.75

Tom Brokaw Rules ▼ Hated in Hollywood ▼ Sinatra Crucified

"Smalto. You make me weak."





bloomingdale's

TO ORDER, PLEASE CALL 1-800-777-4999
REFER TO MI038 WHEN ORDERING

©1992 BARNEYS NEW YORK



This One
8B1L-4L2-A7UR

1-2-3. We even have four button suits. But we especially like the new three button suits. They're classic, comfortable and they have a modern rhythm to them. 212 929 9000.

BARNEYS NEWYORK

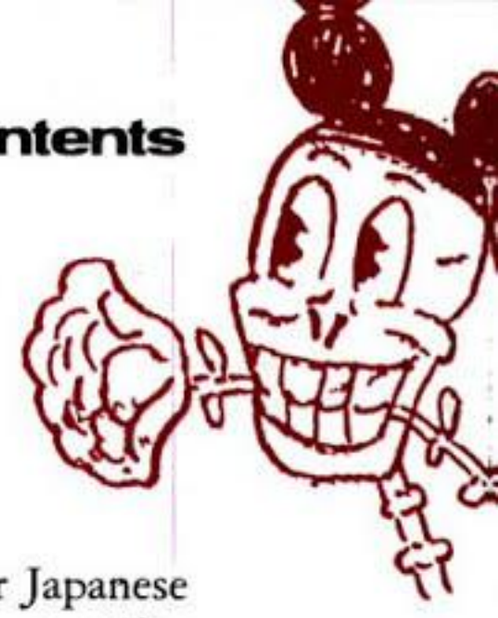
Chestnut Hill Cleveland Dallas Houston Manhasset Manhattan Seattle Short Hills South Coast Plaza Westport

Copyrighted material



THE COVER
Roseanne and Tom Arnold and Freddy photographed by Bonnie Schiffman. Styled by Nian Fish and Irene Albright. Makeup by Terry Akins for Warren and Associates. Hair by Christophe from the Christophe Salon. Tom Arnold's suit by Perry Ellis. Tie: Chaps by Ralph Lauren. Further information on page 69.

June 1992 Contents



Departments

GREAT EXPECTATIONS 5

NAKED CITY

▶ Who holds a grudge against Bill Clinton? Why our Japanese masters aren't happy, and why *Studs* contestants sound even stupider than they are. Nobelists cure the hiccups, sort of. Bloomingdale's fakes out Marilyn Quayle 18

BIG PICTURES 31

PARTY POOP 70

Features

UNMARRIED TO THE MOB

▶ John Gotti could go to prison for life, thanks to his disloyal underboss Sammy Gravano. JOHN LOMBARDI spent months talking to both men's friends and associates and discovered that Gravano's not just a psychopathic snitch—he's evidently a *gay* psychopathic snitch. Plus, JOHN BRODIE cruises the Village for his brief history of gays and the Gambinos 38



EVERYBODY OUT OF THE GENE POOL *NOW*!

▶ Uh-oh: Humankind really *is* going downhill. JAMES COLLINS updates Darwin's theory of evolution when he examines contemporary human *de*volution—and we're not just talking about the Kennedys 42



OH, WHAT A TANGLED WEB WE WEAVE...

▶ Some of the basic truths you believe about America—that Libyan hit squads once roamed the country, that journalists never lie—are (*ahem*) false. Former Jack Anderson associate RON MCRAE confesses his whoppers about Carter and Qaddafi, and the farcical consequences 50

THE LOST EPISODES OF *THIRTYSOMETHING*

▶ It's been a year since we bade adieu to our, uh, friends. How *are* they? Are the Steadmans still whining and sighing? Is Elliot misbehaving? Is Nancy silently tormenting him for his misbehavior? Is Melissa dithering? Is Gary still a recurring plot device? JAMIE MALANOWSKI presents the current season 58



Columns

▶ CELIA BRADY spoils Miramax's run of good press in **The Industry**; LAUREEN HOBBS reviews the balance of power at *NBC Nightly News* in **The Webs** 14

▶ HUMPHREY GREDDON drops names in **Review of Reviewers**; RICHARD STENGEL conducts a bizarre **Q&A** with Paul Johnson; and **Live White Male** ROY BLOUNT JR. decides what art the NEA should fund 64



SPY (ISSN 0890-1759) is published monthly with combined July-August and December-January issues for a total of ten issues annually. © 1992 by SPY Corp., 5 Union Square West, N.Y., N.Y. 10003. Submissions: Send with SASE to same address. For advertising sales, call 212-633-6550. Second-class postage paid at N.Y., N.Y., and additional mailing offices. Annual subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, $14.75; Canada, U.S.$25; foreign, U.S.$35. Postmaster: Send address changes to SPY, P.O. Box 57397, Boulder, CO 80321-7397. For subscription information, call 800-333-8128. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Canada GST Reg. No. R129021093. Canada Post Int'l Mail Publication No. 0003433.

Copyrighted material

THE BOHEMIAN SPIRIT.
NOT TOO HARD TO SPOT.

Bohemia
JUDGED THE BEST



WE DO IT DEEPER

WATER-RESISTANT TO 200m OR 656ft.

. . . straight down to a different world! Water resistant to 656 feet.

The '92 Swatch Scuba 200 Collection . . .

because a different world calls for a different watch.

Suggested retail price $50.00

swatch®

SCUBA 200

©1992 Swatch.® a division of SMH (US) Inc.

Copyrighted material

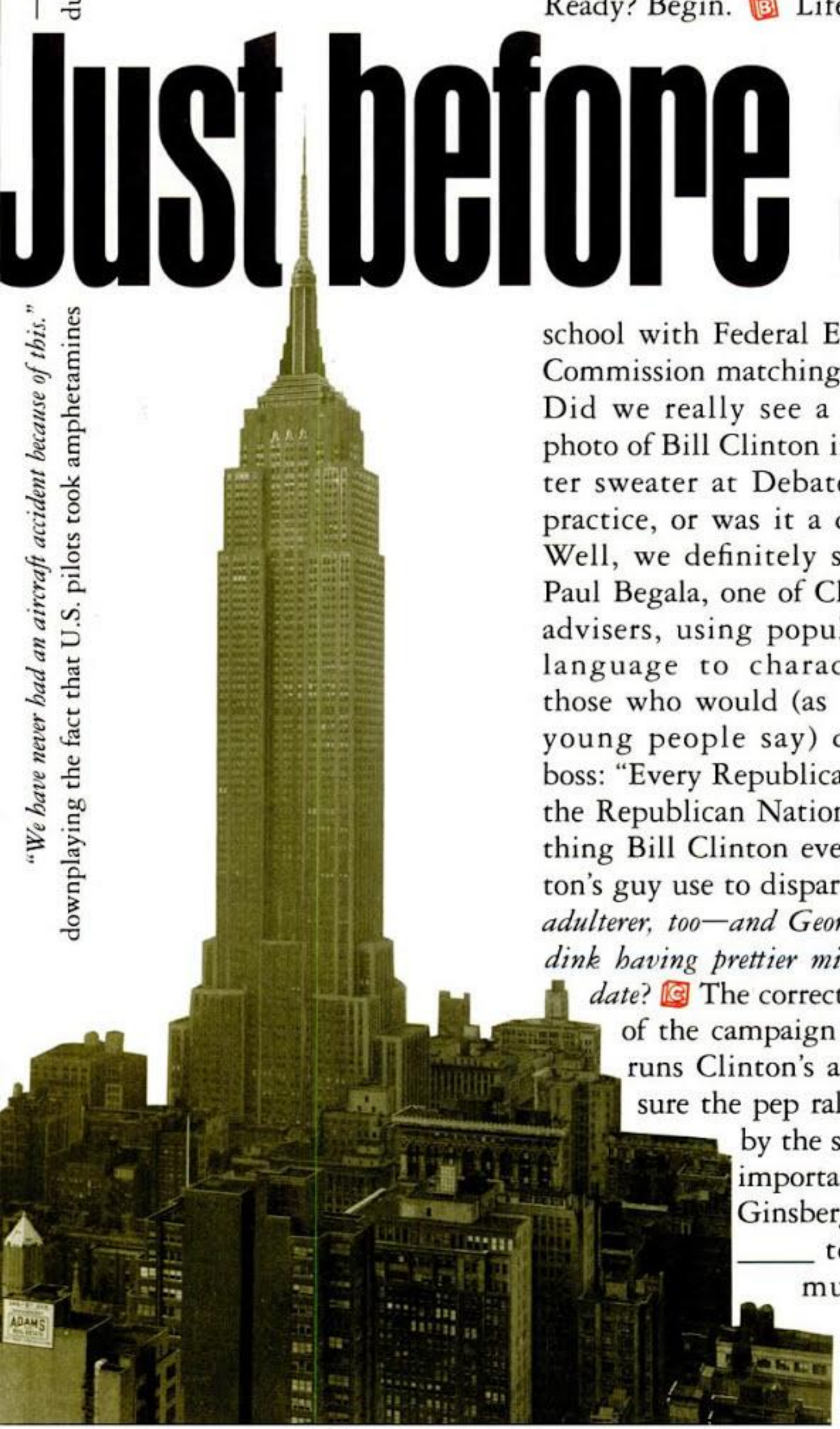
Great Expectations

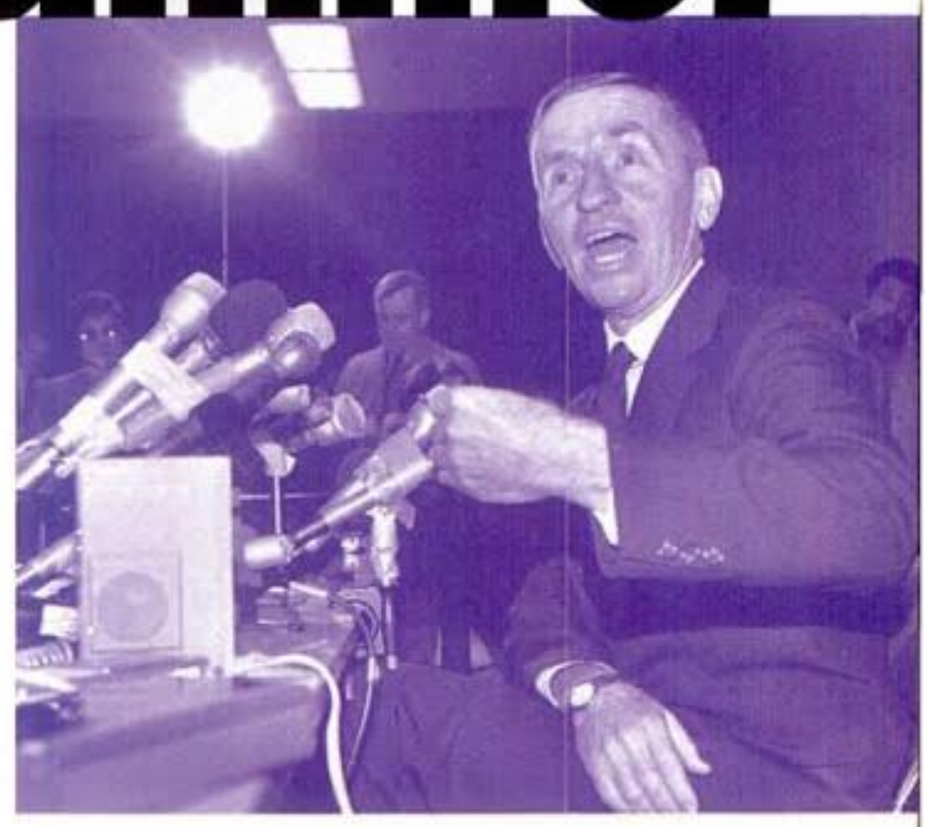


JUST BEFORE SUMMER BEGINS EVERY YEAR, WE GET A POWERFUL URGE TO SHARPEN SOME No. 2 pencils, sit in a large room with hundreds of young people, answer lots of questions, then go get stoned. Most years, we make do—watch an editorial assistant sharpen a pencil, then have a stiff drink. [A] This year, however, we are determined to *listen* to that child within, and give it what it wants, short of actually purchasing a mimeograph machine and Babar lunch box. Ready? Begin. [B] Life, a wise man once said, is like high

Just before summer

"We have never had an aircraft accident because of this."
—an Air Force spokesperson downplaying the fact that U.S. pilots took amphetamines during the Gulf War





school with Federal Election Commission matching funds. Did we really see a recent photo of Bill Clinton in a letter sweater at Debate Club practice, or was it a dream? Well, we definitely spotted Paul Begala, one of Clinton's advisers, using popular-kid language to characterize those who would (as today's young people say) dis his boss: "Every Republican _____ who can't _____ is over there [at the Republican National Committee] digging through everything Bill Clinton ever did or said." What phrases did Clinton's guy use to disparage the opposition? Were they (A) *is an adulterer, too—and George Bush*; *stand the idea of some Arkansas dink having prettier mistresses than he does,* or (B) *nerd*; *get a date?* [C] The correct answer is *B*. But the high-schoolishness of the campaign doesn't end there. Gary Ginsberg, who runs Clinton's advance team (he's in charge of making sure the pep rallies are super-great), has been frustrated by the staff's inability to make a certain terribly important decision. "We just can't find a _____," Ginsberg said. "We have tried everything from _____ to _____. You could not imagine how much energy, imagination and debate

Copyrighted material

has been devoted to this issue." What was the Clinton brain trust anguishing over?

(A) *nice out-of-the-way place where Bill can go and have sex with a stranger every now and then; a Ramada Inn he told us about in Pine Bluff; Norman Lear's place up in Vermont*

(B) *theme song; Public Enemy; John Cage*

(C) *theme song; R.E.M.; John Philip Sousa*

The correct answer is *C*.

The candidate who provides almost no satirical pleasure—yet—is H. Ross Perot, who would be the shortest president since Benjamin Harrison. After appearing at a newspaper editors' convention, Perot, to whom nobody has been impertinent for about two decades, was stopped by a reporter. "Do we have to be ____ and ____?," Perot said. "Can't we just ____? I'm not driven to do this." What did America's favorite li'l future dictator say?

(A) *like Mutt; Jeff; crouch*

(B) *factual; specific; speak in vague, tough-sounding generalities*

(C) *rude; adversarial; talk*

The correct answer is *C*.

Frederick Khedouri, who, like most U.S. investment bankers, was once George Bush's deputy chief of staff, recently tried to explain Bush's chronic flip-flopping: "He's comfortable, usually, with what he's saying, [but] it may be that he's not ____." What is the key phrase for understanding the president?

(A) *comfortable with what he's* not *{saying}*

(B) *aware that anyone will ask him about it later*

(C) *attaching enormous weight to {the promises he makes}*

(D) *fully committed to a consistent truth-telling mode*

The correct answer is *C*.

Just as Bush, in his desperation to get elected four years ago, promised to be the education, environmental and no-new-taxes president, Alan Dershowitz, in his desperation to keep his client Leona Helmsley out of federal prison, promised she would turn her hotels into shelters for the homeless. "She has offered to solve the city's problem of the homeless single-handedly," he declared just before sentencing. Then Howard Rubenstein, her PR spokesman, announced that the offer wasn't really serious. Rather, Rubenstein said, it was just "____."

(A) *a lie*

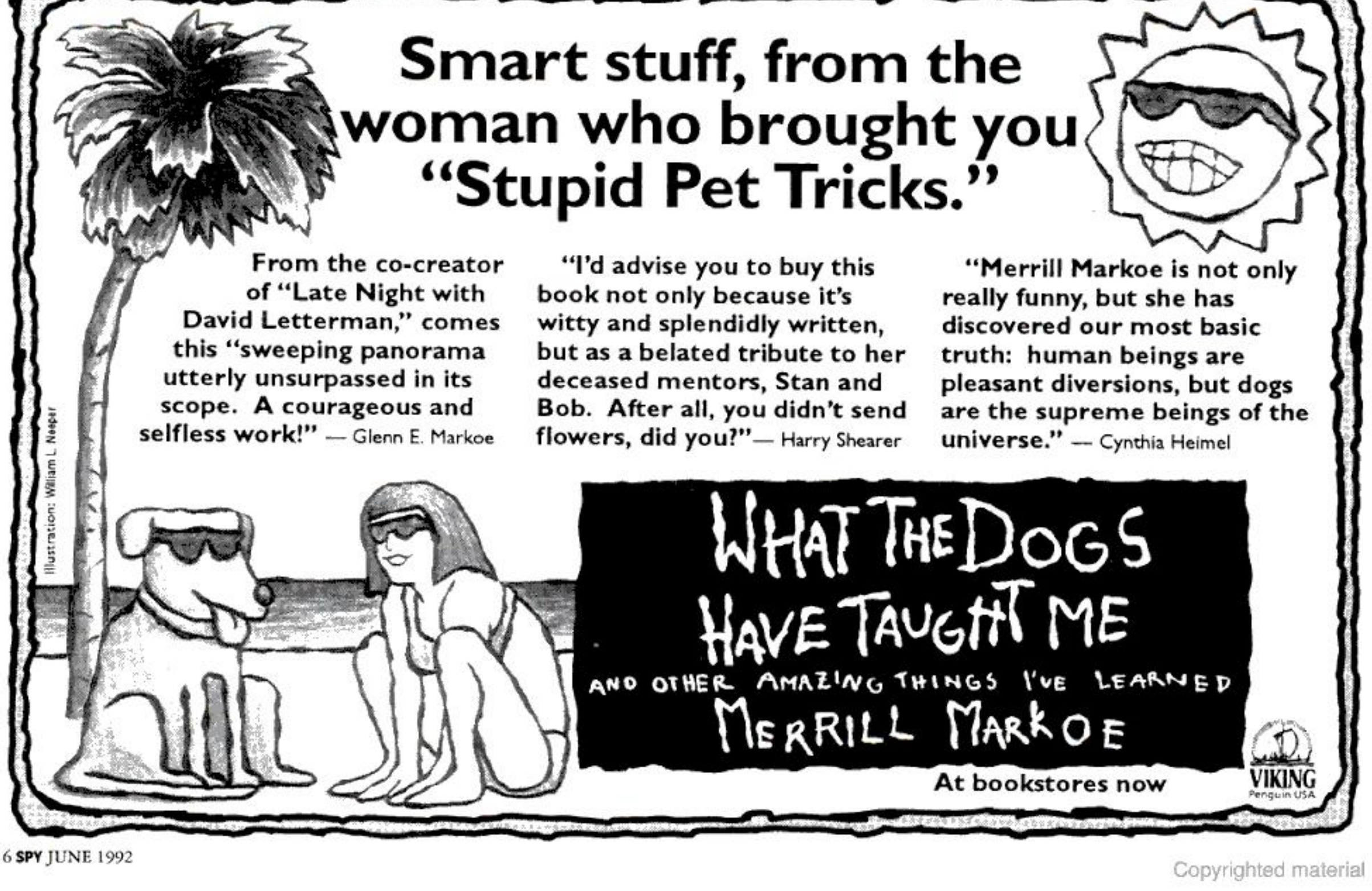
(B) *a metaphor*

(C) *nutty*

(D) *Dershowitz's way of suggesting that homeless people would be welcome to* rent *rooms, if there were any available, which I'm told there aren't*

The correct answer is *B*.

If Helmsley finally went to jail for, at least in part, having too much money and being unpleasant, why can't prosecutors find some rationale for indicting and imprisoning Bijan? Bijan is the horrible Irani immigrant who sells vulgar



Copyrighted material

clothing for thousands of dollars and now has an eponymous perfume. His ad in the May *Vanity Fair* (with Ivana on the cover) consisted of just a single quote from him: "I never dreamed I would ____."

(A) *survive the end of the 1980s*

(B) *be loathed so intensely*

(C) *be this rich*

The correct answer is *C*. Forget what we said about the legal system—too slow. Sometime around the solstice we'll just assemble a mob to loot and burn his store; be there.

"I never dreamed I would be this rich" would be a good motto for Bear Stearns chairman Ace Greenberg: Although his company earned only $17 million in 1990, Greenberg personally got more than $4.2 million. You don't like it? *Fuck you*, Greenberg says. Or almost: "People who take ____ deserve ____."

(A) *the heat*; *the kitchen*

(B) *the risk*; *the reward*

(C) *limos to work*; *the very best*

(D) *somebody like Donald Trump, and assist him in ripping off bankers and investors for millions, as I did*; *sympathy and understanding*

The correct answer is *B*.

If on Wall Street it's still 1987, inside the Beltway they're deep in the '90s—the 1790s, complete with Jacobinic firebrands like Newt Gingrich who, having begun the current reign of terror, find *themselves* terrorized. Piling up overdrafts at the House bank isn't *precisely* the same as embodying the decadent feudal system against the inevitable tide of liberty and bourgeois capitalism, but Congress really is an ancien régime, and in D.C., as hard as it is to believe, congressmen really are the aristocrats. "What we're seeing," says Robert Walker, the chief deputy Republican House whip, "is a kind of circular firing squad, with everyone standing in a circle pointing fingers at the person beside them. Call it ____, or call it ____." How did Rep. Walker describe the present mood on Capitol Hill?

(A) *dumb*; *an unorthodox way to organize a firing squad*

(B) *Twister*; *performance art*

(C) *irresponsible*; *irresistible*

(D) *paranoia*; *mass clinical psychosis*

(E) *paranoia*; *anything you want*

The correct answer is *E*.

No wonder Roger Ailes, the former Reagan handler, is now pursuing a show business career. When it was suggested that he might return to the fold soon and help the Bush campaign, Ailes denied it: "I'm out of politics. I've put up with too much of this ____. I said ____." What did the great communicator's great communicator say?

(A) *shit*; *fuck it*

(B) *ruling-class Republican ideology*; *ruling class—that's right, ruling class*

(C) *pointless drudgery*; *Hey—why don't* I *get an eponymous perfume?*

The correct answer, of course, is *shit* and *fuck it*.

Stop. Put your pencils down. Have a nice summer.

"k.d. lang again unleashes her GLORIOUS, lush voice...the songs are beautifully arranged, instantly catchy, and,of course, hauntingly performed." —DAVID HANDELMAN, VOGUE

"lang has nourished us with a set of the most gorgeous romantic ballads, gently floating on the ECSTASY of that feeling, touching the pointwhere pleasure turns to pain, but then soaring again in celebration."

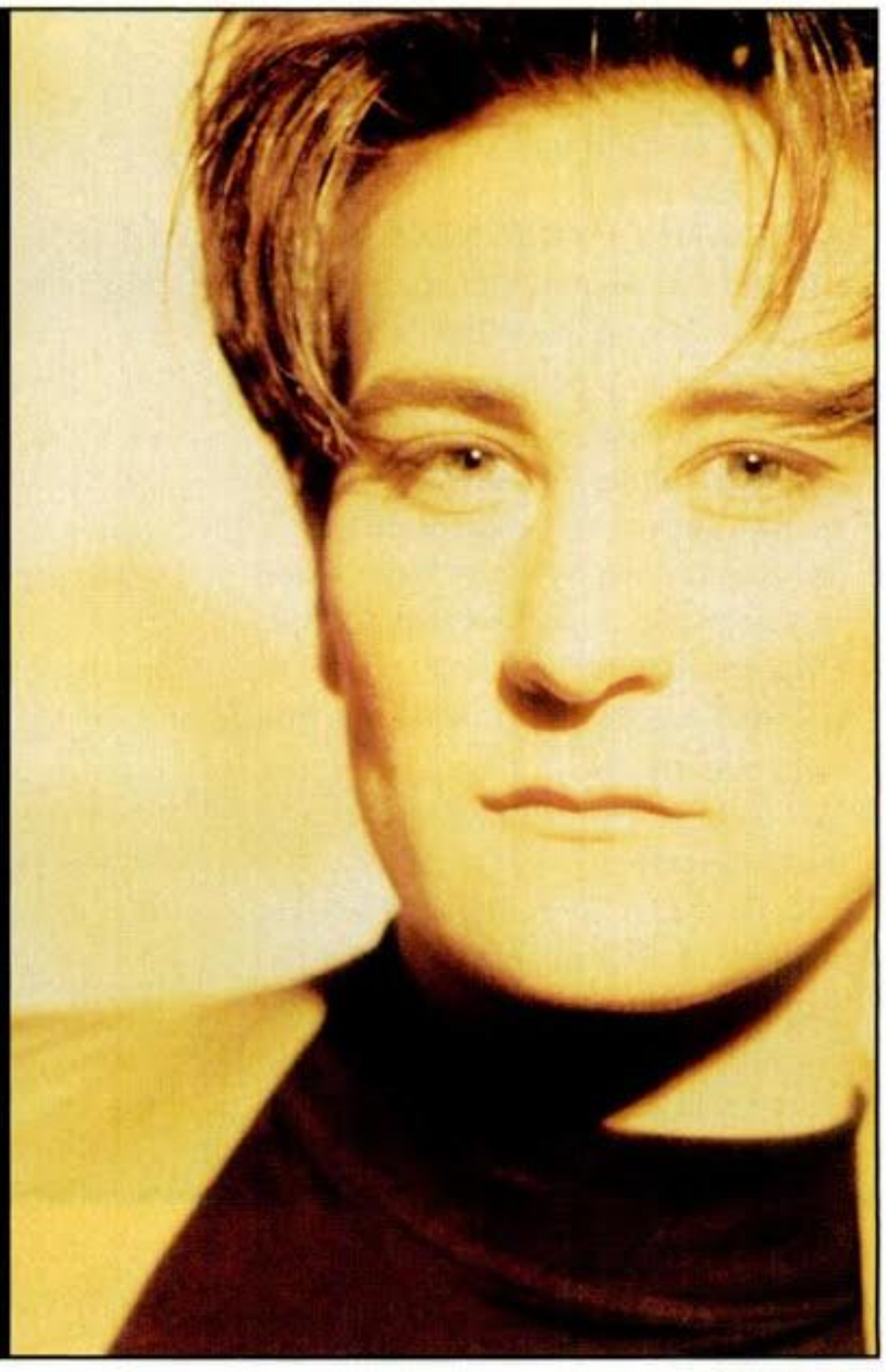
—BETTY PAGE, NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

k.d. lang

ingénue

SIRE

Available Now On Sire Cassettes and Compact Discs © 1992 Sire Records Company.



Copyrighted material

Letters to SPY

From the SPY Mailroom



Stop the presses! Two items from last month require immediate updates. First, Boca Raton's Jack O. Malley, author of the poem "Drifter With a Horn," wants us to add a lost second stanza. We respectfully decline, and not just because it contains the word *spurt*. Second, the Society of Manufacturing Engineers has not only not removed us from its mailing list but also, paradoxically, adopted a bold new familiarity: "Dear Mel," its latest letter begins, "Please include the following copy in your next issue. I'm sure your readers will find it of interest." We have misjudged our readers before, but we are not so sure they will be interested in the Applied Machine Vision Conference '92. We suspect they are too busy reading the Photo Credits.

H. Thomas Hecht Jr. of Fullerton, California, surely is. Having checked our March credits, Hecht wrote us about a photograph that accompanied Paul Rudnick's feature "Everybody's a Rebel": "I assume the photographer is Albert Ortega from Galella Ltd. and the subject or model is named Wahlberg. What is Mr. Wahlberg's full name? Is he a celebrity with whom I should be familiar? Do you have an address by which I can write to Galella Ltd.?" Such a request from a *fan* we could understand, even if we wouldn't especially approve; but from someone who doesn't even know who Mr. Wahlberg *is*, it's downright unwholesome.

L.A. reader Dorio Barbieri spotted something unusual in a February Party Poop photo of Frank Stallone (something other than Stallone): "the word FENDI oozing out of the left ear of some anonymous partygoer" in the background. We checked with our Department of Subliminal Messages, and, as you may have guessed, the ▸

Pump Us Up

I was thrilled to see that *Time* cited your Sununu prank ["John Sununu: What Color Is Your Parachute?," March] in its February 10 issue.

Your article about Arnold Schwarzenegger ["Uh-oh," by Charles Fleming, March] was candid and alarming. The thought of Arnold for senator or prez reeks of a behind-the-scenes string-puller, Camelot via blitzkrieg. If these are the ambitions of the world's last great hope for fascism, let the planet beware. My memories of Ron and Mommy are all too fresh.

Roderick R. Warlick Jr.
San Diego, California

Word for word and picture for picture, your exposé of Schwarzenegger was the cheapest, ugliest hatchet job I've ever seen. Would you rebuke Liz Taylor, who controls her publicity as tightly as Arnold controls his, by featuring her pudenda spread across two pages of your magazine? And is the homosexual smear Fleming's idea of a coup de grace? As to SPY's implicit attempt to bury Arnold's political career with threats of further scrutiny, you evidently missed the point of *The Terminator*, as any voter could tell you: He'll be back.

Rick Ackerman
San Francisco, California

In the early 1970s I produced a number of bodybuilding competitions in New York. Arnold competed in these events, and for the next dozen years I was with him many times, either at my competitions or at my gym or socially. There *was* a time when he wanted to be on *any* magazine cover—and he was. In the early 1970s, gay publications opened their arms to him, and Arnold embraced this early opportunity for exposure.

In my recently completed nonfiction book on 30 years in the health-club business, I have a chapter on Arnold that will bring to light another side of his character.

I knew Paco Arce quite well. He was very boastful and pompous when he showed me the photos he took of Arnold at his mansion in Madrid.

Arnold cannot make his steroid use go away. His victories in bodybuilding competitions have been aided by his steroid consumption.

Tom Minichiello
Fort Myers, Florida

I would never take SPY to task for telling the awful truth. That's why I buy this rag, *n'est-ce pas?* But the part about Schwarzenegger's old man and the Nazi Party card—is that Arnold's fault? And $5 million to the Simon Wiesenthal Center sounds like a pretty sincere amount. Stick to Arnold's own sins and omissions. Otherwise you risk sounding like a petty, attention-grabbing spoilsport who'll say anything just to make a couple of wobbly points.

Jyl Leininger
Seattle, Washington

Thank you so much for your article on "good ol' boy" Schwarzenegger. Sure, we enjoy guilty pleasure at watching some of his films; maybe we even think the gap between his front teeth is cute. But *no way* do we want this guy running for office. Anywhere! It's a good thing there's a magazine with the guts to print the truth on Schwarzenegger.

S. K. Taylor
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

We thank Mr. Warlick and Ms. Taylor for their kind words and Mr. Minichiello

Copyrighted material

word is a typo and should have read SUSAN BENNIS WARREN EDWARDS.

L.A.'s Joey Roti wants to know, "Am I supposed to read a column of From the SPY Mailroom and then read Letters to SPY on the same page, and then the next full column of Mailroom and Letters on the following page, and so on, or am I supposed to read Mailroom in its entirety before reading all the letters?" Assuming you're supposed to be reading this magazine at all, the proper procedure is to first search Party Poop photos with a magnifying glass for subliminal messages, then scour the Photo Credits to find out where we purchase our photos, then read this column. We would go on, but we're fairly certain Joey Roti is no longer with us, having reflexively jumped to the Party Poop section one sentence back.

A correction from William J. DiScipio, Ph.D., associate clinical professor of psychiatry at Albert Einstein College of Medicine: "The reference to I. P. Pavlov as 'famous dog trainer' ["Big Pictures," March] reflects a profound ignorance of the accomplishments of this scientific genius of the twentieth century. Pavlov was a *physiologist* who won the Nobel Prize for his study of the digestive system in 1904....I can only wonder if in the same fashion, 50 years after the death of Elvis Presley, we will be referring to him as the 'famous Memphis guitar tuner.'" One might also wonder if we will someday be referring to William J. DiScipio, Ph.D., associate clinical professor of psychiatry at Albert Einstein College of Medicine, as the "famous humorless, pedantic letter writer."

Thomas Frank, an editor of a very clever—perhaps too clever—Chicago journal, *The Baffler*, comes just short of accusing SPY of copying our "Rebel" story from his article "The American Nonconformist." We can only offer that our version never once uses the words *Keanu-esque* or *Fonz-ification*. Stephanie Joseph of Saylersville, Kentucky, dots her *i*'s with little stars as she asks, "Oh, where's that Great ▸

for his new information. In addition, we take Mr. Ackerman's remark "Word for word and picture for picture, your exposé of Schwarzenegger was the cheapest, ugliest hatchet job I've ever seen" as a compliment. To Ms. Leininger: The actions of Arnold's father are relevant to illustrate the world Arnold grew up in and that he embraced with his own affection for Hitleriana and friendship with Kurt Waldheim. Rather than sincere, his relationship with the Wiesenthal Center seems like the height of cynicism, and the $5 million has already more than paid for itself.

Hung Jury

I was disgusted by Clarence Thomas's confirmation to the Supreme Court. I had thought Senator Biden a fair individual during the televised proceedings, and that if anything idiotic or unseemly were to occur, it would come from Ted Kennedy (who among those on the panel knows more about harassment of women?) or Strom Thurmond (probably too old to harass anyone). Your article ["Gag Rule: How the Republicans and One Weak-Kneed Democrat—Joe Biden—Suppressed the Truth About Clarence Thomas," by Lynda Edwards, March] was a gust of fresh air.

Eileen M. Nix
Denville, New Jersey

Your constant Thomas-bashing (do you *really* believe a guy ought to be hung up by his balls for making a harmless pass?), and your failure to see the hue and cry over sexual harassment as just more feminist dementia (in my years as an office worker, I've seen more women "harass" men than the other way around), have led me to conclude that you have really lost it. And me. Don't look for this name on next year's circulation lists.

Anne Siebenhoven
New York

For some crazy reason, Ms. Siebenhoven, we believe you when you say you've seen more men harassed by women than the other way around.

Other Voices, Other Letters

Re "Everybody's a Rebel" [by Paul Rudnick, March]: As I was pulling out of a Culver City parking lot across the street from a motorcycle shop, I was cut off by an asshole on a Harley who turned out to be Mickey Rourke. He was met at the end of the street by a California Highway Patrolman on, I believe, a Kawasaki. Figuring I was about to see a Hollywood star get a ticket, I pulled over to watch. They spoke for a few moments, both astride their bikes, then pulled out onto Higuera Street and raced each other down and back at top speed. Rourke won, and the cop rode off.

Don Wrege
Louisville, Kentucky

You claim, in the December 1991 Great Expectations column, that Eugene McCarthy was the 1968 antiwar candidate for president. Your usual compulsion for accuracy and detail fell flat on its face this time: Eugene McCarthy was the senator spearheading/instigating the 1952-ish "McCarthy hearings," which attempted to ferret out Communist sympathizers. The person you meant to refer to (the *real* 1968 antiwar candidate) was Senator George McGovern. McCarthy was from Wisconsin. McGovern is from Minnesota. The 1968 election, by the way, was the first one in which 18-year-olds were allowed to vote; I was, I did, and that is why I remember. I must ask: How many of you were even *born* by 1968?

Suzanne Winterberger
Edinboro, Pennsylvania

"If you remember the 1960s, you weren't really there," goes the old saying. Ms. Winterberger's credentials are impeccable. Joseph McCarthy was the Red-baiting senator from Wisconsin; Eugene McCarthy, of Minnesota, was an antiwar candidate in 1968; George McGovern, of South Dakota, won the Democratic nomination in 1972, in the first presidential election in which 18-year-olds could vote, so Ms. Winterberger apparently doesn't even remember how old she was in 1968. Congratulations! ➽

Copyrighted material

Article on Keanu Reeves that I would LOVE to see—A cover story with lots of Great photos!" Stef, have We got a Chicago journal For you!

More than 1,000 subscribers have written so far requesting the authentic "lick 'n' stick" (or "spit 'n' stick" or even, confusingly, "lick 'n' spit") celebrity tattoos that accompanied "Everybody's a Rebel" in newsstand copies. Many wanted to know what postal regulation could possibly prohibit *mailing* lick 'n' sticks. As Jeff Lazar of Somerville, Massachusetts, put it, "After all, what are stamps?" We *could* say the problem is not with the tattoos' lick 'n' stick properties but rather with their status as Products and Product Samples per Postal Code 429.112, f.(2), but the truth of the matter is, we didn't *feel* like giving our subscribers tattoos. Mature, seasoned readers of SPY, we reasoned, are too busy leading fulfilling lives to fritter their time away capriciously with such stuff. We were wrong, clearly; but we've misjudged our readers before.

Sue Cohn of San Francisco wants to know, "Is SPY getting smaller?" No, dear, you're getting bigger.

CORRECTION

The photos of Jimmy Stewart that appeared in the May issue should have been credited to Phil Stern.

Photographs Wanted

SPY is accepting submissions for a new Photos to the Editor section. Amusing, amazing, revealing, intriguing and otherwise appropriate photographs are welcome. (All material submitted becomes the property of SPY Corporation, and may be published by SPY in any form. SPY is not responsible for lost or damaged prints or transparencies.) Send all photos, with any necessary explanatory text, to Photos to the Editor, SPY, The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003.

As a dedicated SPY reader and a dedicated lifelong Catholic, I felt I must respond to a foolish letter from an anonymous reader in your February issue, regarding "Little Miss Dangerous" [by John Lombardi, October 1991]. First off, his/her attitude toward homosexuality is fortunately not common to most, or even many, Catholics—certainly none of the ones I know; he/she sounds like a Southern Baptist or an atheist in slipshod disguise, trying to make us look bad. Second, as the Catholic church is largely composed of and run by human beings, it does have problems and make mistakes. It is not only fallible but hugely fallible, simply by virtue of being hugely prominent. Taking into consideration the outsize target the Church makes of itself to the world and to satirical magazines, my feelings have always been exactly opposed to that reader's: It appears to me that you exhibit remarkable modesty and decorum in the *small* number of potshots you permit yourself to take.

The crack about transubstantiation, however, was a little out of line. It isn't veiled cannibalism, it isn't purely symbolic, and it isn't crazy; it is the root of all sanity and one of the saving graces that rescue the Church from its many insanities. I can't defend the doctrine logically—20 centuries' worth of trained theologians have failed.

Aside from the aforementioned nasty remark, though, I think SPY is and has always been a creature of unparalleled beauty, and one of probably only five or six magazines in the world consistently worth reading.

Jacqueline Zahas
San Francisco, California

It is readers like you, Ms. Zahas, that make life worth living.

SPY welcomes letters from its readers. Address correspondence to SPY, The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003. Typewritten letters are preferred. Please include your daytime telephone number. Letters may be edited for length or clarity.

GUCCI
TIMEPIECES

AVAILABLE AT GUCCI SHOPS
AND THESE FINE STORES:

ABRAHAM & STRAUS
BLOOMINGDALE'S
THE BON
BULLOCK'S
BURDINES
CARSON PIRIE SCOTT
DAYTON'S
DILLARD'S
EMPORIUM CAPWELL
FAMOUS BARR
FILENE'S
FOLEY'S
FORTUNOFF
HECHT'S
J.L. HUDSON
JORDAN MARSH
KAUFMANN'S
LAZARUS
LORD & TAYLOR
MACY'S
MAISON BLANCHE
MARSHALL FIELD
MAY COMPANY
NORDSTROM
RICH'S
AND OTHER FINE STORES WORLDWIDE

Copyrighted material

GUCCI

TIMEPIECES



DILLARD'S

Copyrighted material

HENRY BUTLER



From the rich spectrum of musical sources absorbed in his native New Orleans, pianist Henry Butler's musical palette has successfully integrated jazz, gospel, blues, r&b, funk, and the classics. In *Blues And More, Volume I*, Henry churns out the blues—both traditional and original. Dangerous blues on Windham Hill Jazz.

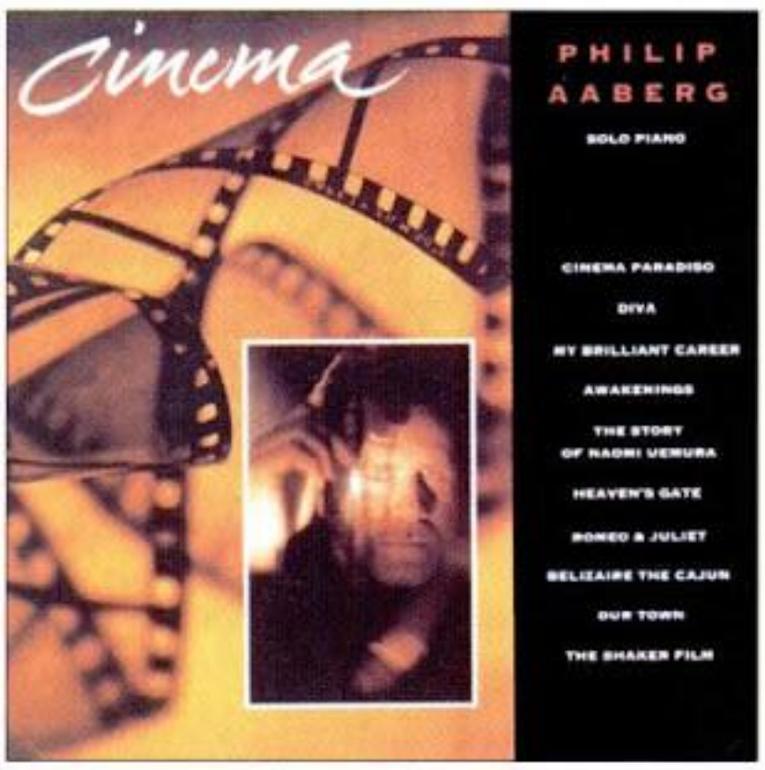
BLUES & MORE, VOLUME I

©1992 Windham Hill Productions Inc.

BLUES AND MOVIES

PHILIP AABERG

AN IMPRESSIONISTIC JOURNEY THROUGH SOME OF FILM'S MOST CELEBRATED SCORES. IN THIS COLLECTION OF EMOTIVE PIANO SOLOS STRAIGHT FROM THE GLORIOUS BIG SCREEN, PIANIST PHILIP AABERG REDISCOVERS MUSIC FROM **CINEMA PARADISO, DIVA, AWAKENINGS, MY BRILLIANT CAREER, BELIZAIRE THE CAJUN**, AND MANY OTHERS.



Cinema

©1992 WINDHAM HILL PRODUCTIONS INC.

AVAILABLE WHEREVER MUSIC IS SOLD

SPY

Kurt Andersen
EDITOR

Susan Morrison
EXECUTIVE EDITOR
Jamie Malanowski
NATIONAL EDITOR
Lorraine Cademartori
MANAGING EDITOR
Christiaan Kuypers
ART DIRECTOR
James Collins
FEATURES EDITOR
Joanne Gruber
SENIOR EDITOR
Harriet Barovick — CHIEF OF RESEARCH
Matthew Weingarden — COPY CHIEF

Daniel Carter — ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR
Nicki Gostin — PHOTO EDITOR
Marion Rosenfeld — PRODUCTION EDITOR
Damon Torres — ART-TECHNOLOGY MANAGER
Gwan Liong The
ASSISTANT ART DIRECTOR
John Brodie — STAFF WRITER
John Connolly — CORRESPONDENT
Rudy Maxa
WASHINGTON-BUREAU CHIEF
Gina Duclayan Daniel Radosh Wendi Williams
EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS — RESEARCHER
Walter Monheit™
MESSENGER/CRITIC-AT-LARGE
Daniel Burrows Christian Cervegnano Laura Glenn Deanna Hearns Jill Pope Brian Steinberg David Stott
EDITORIAL INTERNS

Andy Aaron, Henry Alford, Lisa Birnbach, Barry Blitt, Roy Blount Jr., Celia Brady, Bruce Feirstein, Nian Fish, Drew Friedman, Tad Friend, Fred Goodman, Humphrey Greddon, Bruce Handy, Charlotte Hays, Ted Heller, Tony Hendra, Laureen Hobbs, Ann Hodgman, J. J. Hunsecker, Carolyn Jones, George Kalogerakis, David Kamp, Howard Kaplan, Melik Kaylan, Susan Lehman, Art Levine, Guy Martin, Patty Marx, Mark O'Donnell, David Owen, Nessia Pope, Joe Queenan, Steve Radlauer, Paul Rudnick, Luc Sante, Andrew Savulich, Harry Shearer, Paul Slansky, Richard Stengel, James Traub, Rachel Urquhart, Ellis Weiner, Philip Weiss, Anne Williamson, Michael Witte, Ned Zeman and Edward Zuckerman, among others
CONTRIBUTORS

Gerald L. Taylor
PRESIDENT/PUBLISHER

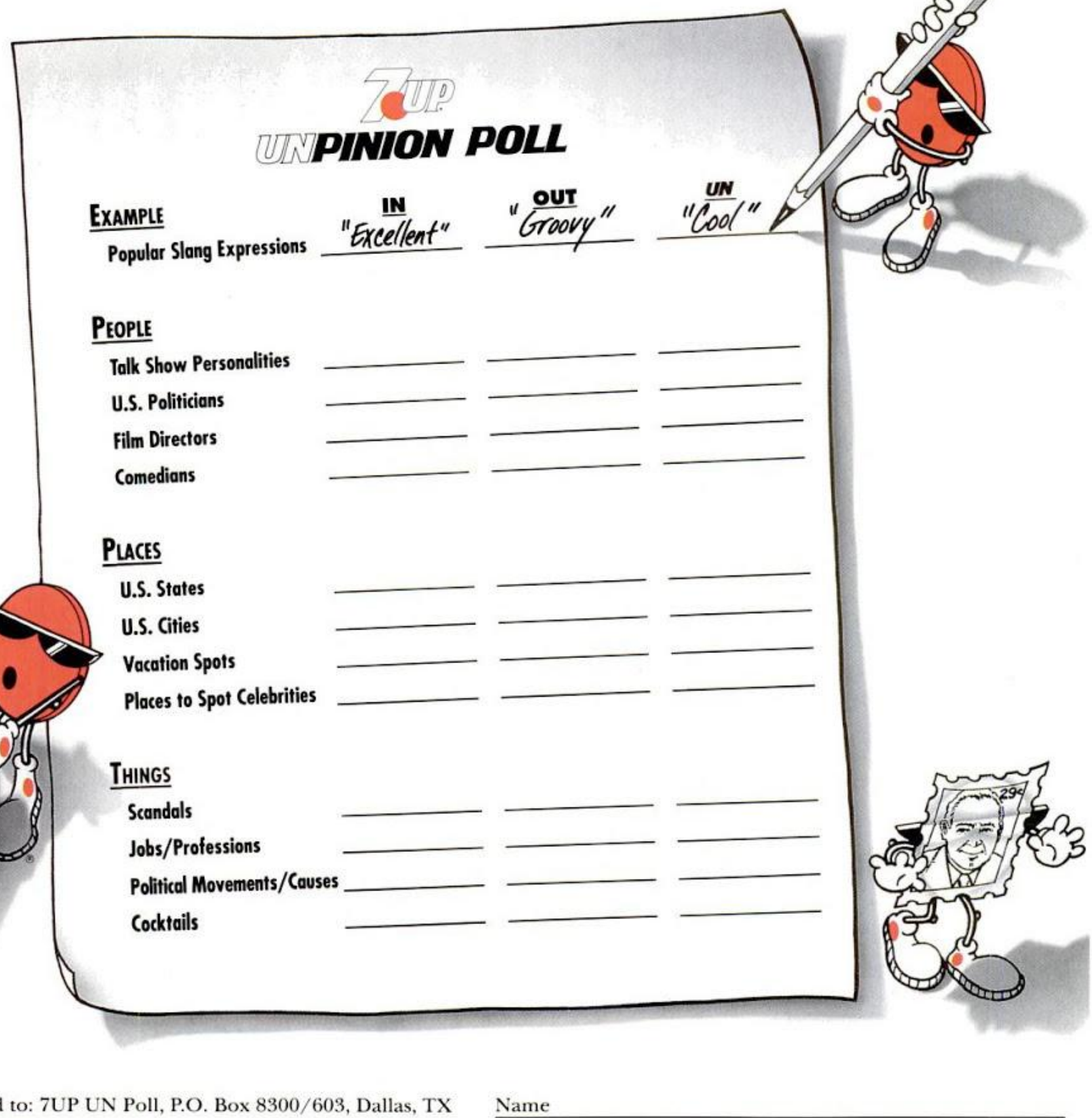
Elaine Alimonti
ADVERTISING DIRECTOR
Adam Dolgins
MARKETING MANAGER
Michael Collins Julie Krumholz
Jeff Wellington (New York, 212-633-6550)
Douglas G. Ferguson (Midwest, 312-943-7890)
Gerry Kreger (Los Angeles, 213-933-7211)
ADVERTISING SALES REPRESENTATIVES
Geoffrey Reiss
GENERAL MANAGER
Randall Stanton
CIRCULATION MANAGER
Susan Mitchell — OFFICE MANAGER
Kristen Rayner — PRODUCTION MANAGER
Jeffrey Estilo
BOOKKEEPER
Tad Kepley
OFFICE ASSISTANT
Donald Jones Leslie Maslow Kirsten Menger-Anderson Deanne Sokolin
PUBLISHING ASSISTANTS
Amy Erario Jana Hollingshead Wendy Levy Natasha Reilly Rob Rooney
MARKETING INTERNS
K. Andersen E. G. Carter T. L. Phillips Jr.
FOUNDERS

Copyrighted material

Has anyone asked your UNpinion today?

Everyone knows "in" is trendy and "out" is yesterday's news. But some people, places and things are way beyond in. They're enduringly appealing, often unique and never out of style. They're "UN."

7UP THE UNCOLA has selected *Spy* as one of the "7 Most UN Magazines in America." So, because you're a *Spy* reader, we'd like to know what you think is in, out and UN. And if you're one of the first 10,000 respondents, we'll send you a T-shirt for your time.



Send to: 7UP UN Poll, P.O. Box 8300/603, Dallas, TX 75205. Or, fax it to us at (214) 443-7573. Thanks for your UNgoing support. Please allow 6 to 8 weeks for delivery.

No purchase necessary. Surveys must be received by July 1, 1992

Name _____

Address _____

City/State _____ ZIP _____

7UP
THE UNCOLA.

© The Seven-Up Company 1992.

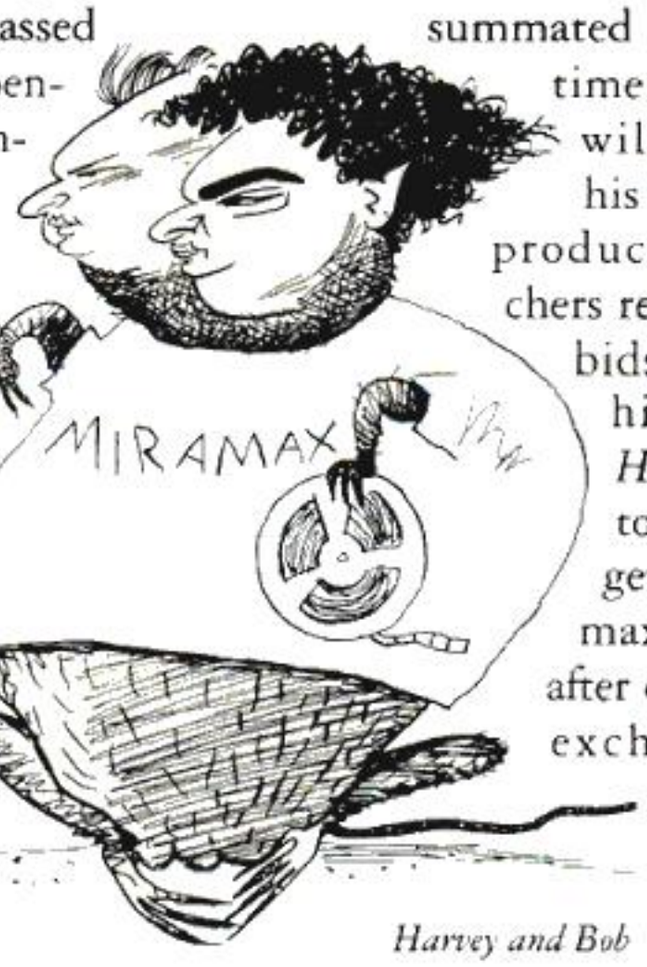
Copyrighted material

Miramax, Miramax, on the Wall, Who's the Sleaziest of Them All?

"Many people...have for too long thought of movies as a popular entertainment more than a serious art. We and other major film studios have a responsibility to the public to maintain the art of motion pictures," said executive Griffin Mill at a recent industry event. Never mind that the event was fictitious and Mill was only a character in *The Player*—exactly that sort of high-minded, disingenuous lip service really is rampant in young-and-happening Hollywood. So it's no wonder that America's hottest art-film distributor, Miramax Films, has had a five-year run of exceptional press. Based in New York (amid the intellectuals manqués in a position to give good press), Miramax distributes most of the cool, commercially successful independent movies these days, including *sex, lies and videotape*, *Cinema Paradiso*, *My Left Foot*, *The Krays* and *Truth or Dare*. Everybody loves Miramax—everybody except the people who have actually had to deal with Harvey and Bob Weinstein, the hateful, blubbery, slobbish brothers who run the company.

Filmmakers who have worked with Miramax tend to sound traumatized. "This is one company I will never, ever, ever do business with again," says a producer who dealt with them *successfully*. "These are bad people, these are bullies. They have never kept their word about anything—it's making a deal with the Devil." A screenwriter who wrote a Miramax film describes the brothers vividly. "They'll be seductive and charming and then get you in a back alley and you're dead," he says. An independent-studio head calls Bob "a vicious cur."

One Miramax business technique, which a victimized producer calls "brilliant," is simple: Offer huge sums of money for a film and make verbal agreements, thereby—this is the important part—taking the film off the market; then renege on one or more parts of the deal. By the time the switch is revealed, the filmmaker is enmeshed in negotiations, may have already received a bit of Miramax money and is effectively trapped. Should he or she wish to take the movie elsewhere, the film is viewed as used goods—a property that Miramax passed on. So it becomes less expensive to settle for the Weinsteins' new, abysmal deal than to walk or sue. "We do *not* renege on deals," Harvey Weinstein said when called by my colleague Harriet Barovick. "You're talking about a few of the 218 films we've distributed."



Harvey and Bob

David Weisman, who produced *Kiss of the Spiderwoman*, has been screwed by the Weinsteins twice in ten years—once small, once big. In 1982, Harvey promised him $5,000 for the right to show a clip of a Weisman movie around Cannes. "Of course, they never paid," Weisman says. And last year Weisman—who is awed by Harvey's negotiating skills—was again approached by Harvey, this time with an offer to buy a film he was representing called *Love in the Time of Hysteria*, a farce about a Lothario in the age of AIDS. After warning Weisman not to show the film to interested executives at Orion and threatening, absurdly, to sue him if he did, Harvey took him and his lawyers through months of negotiations, helping to draft a 60-page contract, only to pull out at the last minute. Not coincidentally, he arrived at this decision after postponing the scheduled contract signing until the film's first public screening, at the Toronto Film Festival, where it got bad notices. (Harvey claims that the deal was not consummated because the first-time director was unwilling to promote his movie.) Similarly, producer Donald Borchers rejected three other bids in order to sell his film *Desire & Hell at Sunset Motel* to Miramax, only to get a call from Miramax months later—after contracts had been exchanged—saying they were pulling out. (Harvey says now that "it wasn't a Miramax movie.")

"These are bad people, these are bullies," one producer says of Miramax Films's Weinstein brothers

And another well-established producer says he simply didn't get paid the amount he was contractually owed. He says now that even if they "offered $10 million for a first look at my next few projects, I'd say no." Before selling *Paris Is Burning* to Miramax, representatives for the film begged other studios to take it so they wouldn't

Illustration by Robert Risko

Copyrighted material

have to deal with the Weinsteins.

Judging by the Miramax stories in the press, you'd never know the Weinsteins were anything but street-smart defenders of Art. "There's a perception that they've done well because Harvey's such a showman," a rival executive says. Some of the good press may be coerced. When former *Hollywood Reporter* reporter (and newly minted Fox film producer) Andrea King was writing a negative article about Miramax, Bob, according to a witness, threw a classic tantrum and threatened to place a story about her in *Premiere* (to which his brother contributes) analyzing every piece she had ever written, and to generally besmirch her and her work.

Miramax reached a turning point in the last year or two; they released four pictures for which they had hugely high hopes (*A Rage in Harlem*, *The Grifters*, *Mr. and Mrs. Bridge* and *Long Walk Home*), began to meddle ham-fistedly with their movies' creators, and generally started believing that they were geniuses (in 1986, Bob and Harvey, imagining they were the Coen Brothers II, actually *directed* the terrible *Playing for Keeps*). Harvey confided to an associate that he expected the $10 million *Rage in Harlem* to gross $75 million; it has taken in $11 million. Even *The Grifters*—the overrated movie they bought with HBO for $6 million—probably lost money for them. It was also at this time that they decided to take the company public and get rich. Their planned stock offering failed—someone close to the talks says the combination of the brothers' "rough-around-the-edges" personalities and insane overpricing of the company led their main backer, Allen & Company, to back off. Harvey says, "We never intended to go public; it was the Hollywood trades who said that," and that *Bob and he* made the decision not to follow through. More recently, the huge sums they squandered marketing this year's *Hear My Song* in a failed attempt to get Ned Beatty an Oscar ratcheted up expectations for the film. It has grossed just $3.5 million.

It's one thing to alienate producers, who are a dime a dozen. Falling out with Cineplex Odeon, the second-biggest theater owner in North America, is another story—the company is no longer running Miramax films. The Weinsteins have relatively little competition (New Line and Goldwyn are its rivals); nevertheless, one has to wonder how long they can keep up the game. The hiring of a well-regarded executive from New Line is intended to help lure producers back. Maybe it will. But right up to the end, the owners of Vestron and Weintraub Entertainment Group thought *they* could become big players, too.

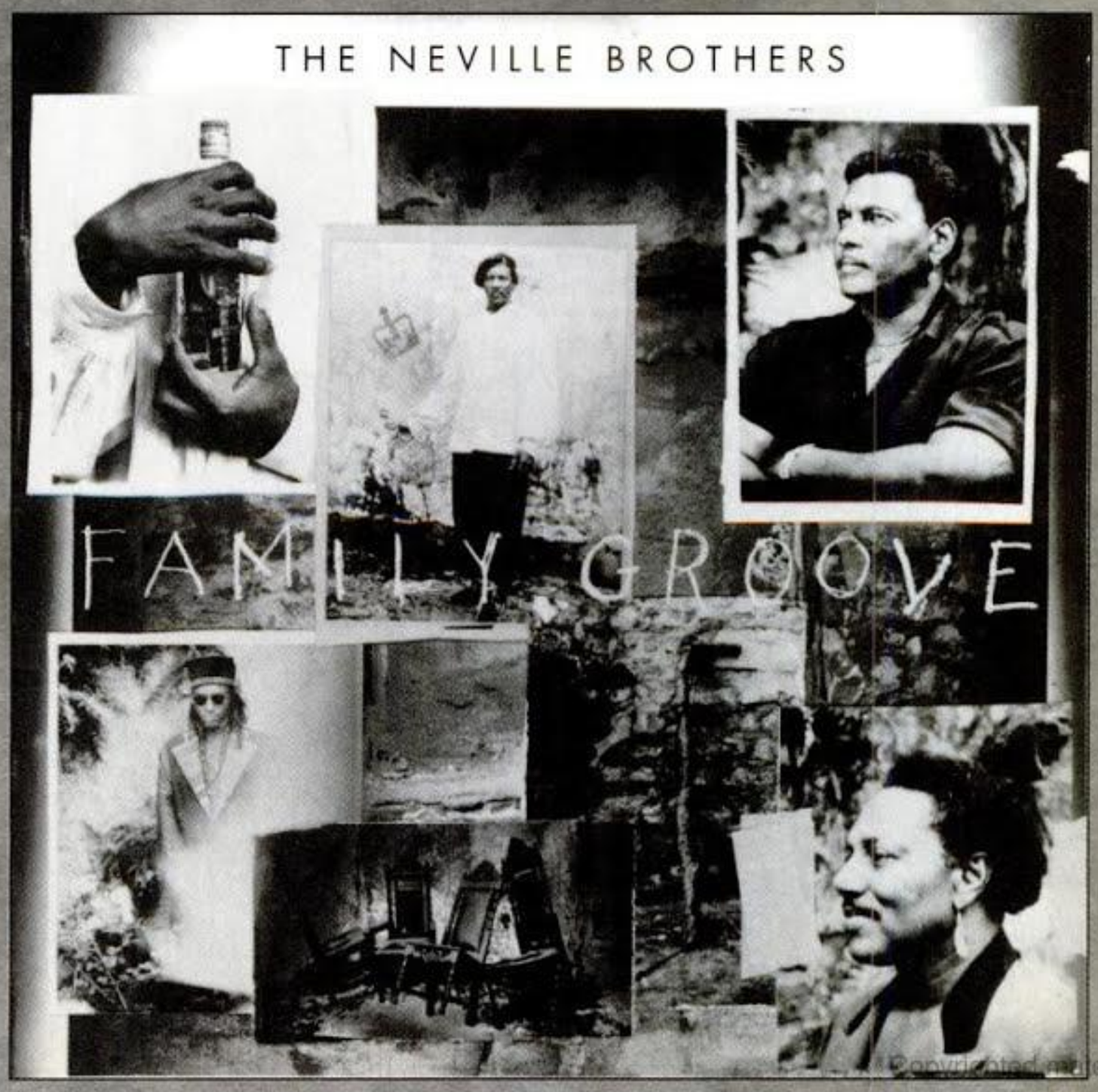
See you Monday night at Mortons. —*Celia Brady*

Honor thy mother and father. Groove with thy brothers.

eaturing "Fly Like An Eagle"

amily Groove, the new album,
ontinuing the legacy of grace, groove
nd gratification that can only come
om the first family of funk.
ou don't make music like this,
ou're born with it.

oduced by The Neville Brothers,
awk Wolinski and David Leonard



J&R MUSIC WORLD

-800-551-7200
ll-free, 24 hours a day
10.99 CD / $6.99 Cassette
us shipping and handling offer expires 8/31/92

© 1992 A&M Records, Inc. All Rights Reserved.

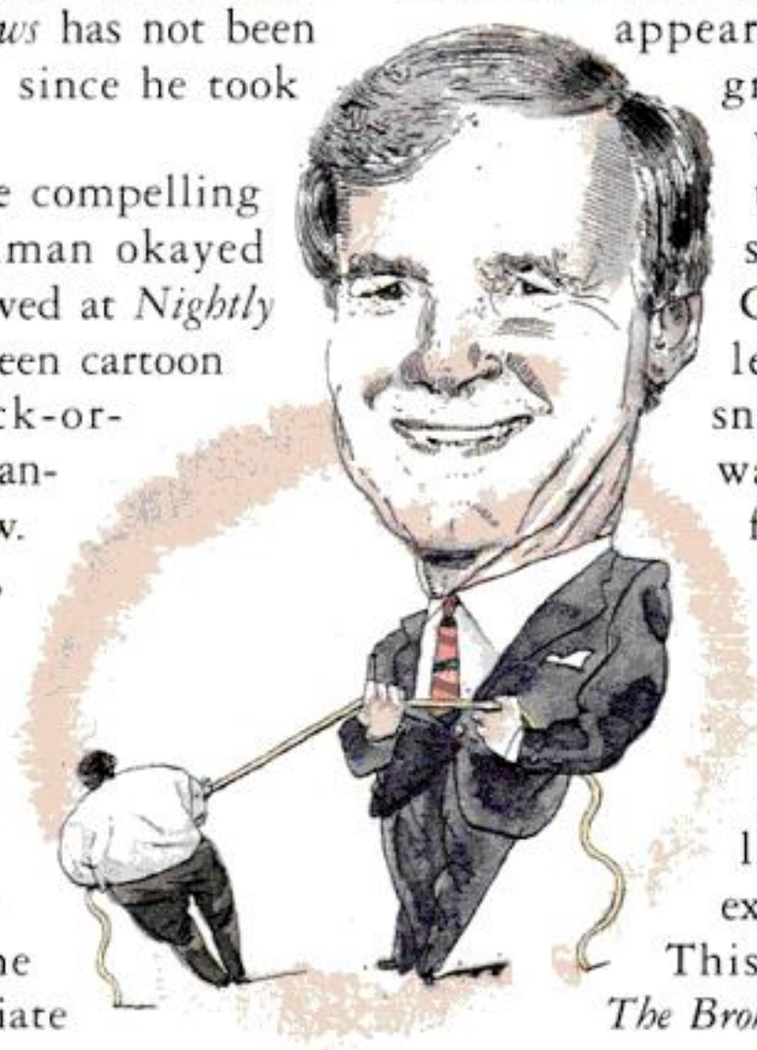
Brokaw Wins

"You're the reason this show's a mess!," *NBC Nightly News* executive producer Steve Friedman screamed at Tom Brokaw one day earlier this year.

"No, *you're* the reason!," Brokaw shot back as the two men stood in a hallway on the third floor of 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The argument was over how to cover the tiff between Jesse Jackson and Bill Clinton after Clinton heard of Jackson's supposed endorsement of then candidate Tom Harkin. With uncharacteristic conservatism, Friedman argued that Clinton's blowup, captured on videotape was no big deal and should be played down; Brokaw wanted to use the incident as a peg for a finished piece about Democratic infighting and to air the segment that night. (Brokaw won.) Like Sidney Poitier and Tony Curtis in *The Defiant Ones*, Brokaw and Friedman seem to have a fractious but essentially productive comradeship. Lately, though, Brokaw has taken the upper hand. With the show mired in third place, NBC has announced that starting this month, *Nightly News* will emphasize hard news.

This is a defeat for Friedman, who, you may remember, arrived in the summer of 1990, when *Nightly News* had been in third place for years, and informed the staff, "I'm the last chance." He has made *Nightly News* resemble *USA Today: The Television Show*, a disastrous venture for which he was responsible. Slick graphics, cross-talk and magazine-style segments have pushed breaking news and international events down and sometimes off the menu. When Friedman unveiled *USA Today* back in 1988, ABC's *World News Tonight* countered by introducing their "American Agenda" and "Person of the Week" segments. After Friedman developed "The Daily Difference" for *Nightly News*—a prepackaged soft magazine piece on a single topic—CBS hired Erik Sorenson, who last spring introduced "Eye on America" on *The CBS Evening News*, along with other Friedmanesque touches. Despite Friedman's stylistic influence, though, *Nightly News* has not been first in the ratings since he took over.

One of the more compelling images that Friedman okayed shortly after he arrived at *Nightly News* was a Halloween cartoon depicting a trick-or-treater spooking an animated Tom Brokaw. It's hard to imagine, say, Ted Koppel allowing this, and the junior producer who actually executed the cartoon does admit that there are some subjects inappropriate for goofy illustration on a news broadcast. "I would never order a cartoon bomber hitting Saddam Hussein," he says.



Tom

Nightly News executive producer Steve Friedman was instructed to defer to Brokaw on editorial matters

At first, Friedman had some success. In an internal memo, NBC News president Michael Gartner praised his new hire, calling Friedman's brand of storytelling "hip" and "with-it." The compliment is a bit like Lawrence Welk's calling one of his musicians "a real gone cat."

After Friedman's fight with Brokaw, however, Gartner intervened and instructed Mr. Hip that from now on he had to defer to Brokaw on editorial matters. Ever since, Gartner has been dressing Friedman down for minor infractions. Before the Louisiana primary, *Nightly News* ran a segment about a Cajun artist who is a personal favorite of Friedman's, and the story even featured footage of a gallery show in which Friedman himself appeared in the background. Friedman was on vacation the week the story aired, but Gartner nevertheless asked him snidely whether he was planning any future stories on his friends.

Meanwhile, Brokaw has discreetly been looking at a short-list of hot young executive producers. This list may be for *The Brokaw Report*, his series of old-fashioned, unexciting prime-time documentary hours. In any case, when a producer recently asked the normally jovial and promiscuously opinionated Friedman for an executive decision, his response suggested a chastened attitude toward his buddy the 800-pound gorilla. "Ask Tom," he said. "Ask Tom."

—*Laureen Hobbs*

Illustration by Barry Blitt

Copyrighted material

ABSOLUT
country of Sweden
VODKA®

This superb vodka
distilled from grain grown
fields of southern Sweden
It has been produced at the famous
old distilleries near Åhus
in accordance with more than
400 years of Swedish tradition
Vodka has been sold under the name
Absolut Since 1879.

80 PROOF

PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN SWEDEN 1,0 LITER (33,8 FL.OZ.

IMPORTED

IMPORTER AND SOLE DISTRIBUTOR FOR THE U.S.
CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD., TEANECK, N.J.

ABSOLUT TREASURE.

FOR GIFT DELIVERY ANYWHERE CALL 1-800-CHEER-UP (EXCEPT WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW)

80 AND 100 PROOF/100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS (ABSOLUT COUNTRY OF SWEDEN™) © 1986 CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD., TEANECK, N.J.

Naked City

The Usual Suspects



Bob

1

Too late, it has been discovered that one failed Democratic White House contender, Nebraska senator **Bob Kerrey**, had most of the important presidential qualifications—in fact, he could have been the Democrats' **Ronald Reagan**. Like Reagan, Kerrey slept with a movie star; like Reagan, he has a knack for self-deprecating jokes (when **John Chancellor**, at a private dinner, disparaged the candidate's pharmacy degree, Kerrey said, "Hey, it was the sixties—drugs were a growth industry"); and like Reagan, he has a talent for doodling. President Reagan did his *Gasoline Alley*–esque sketches during Cabinet meetings. Kerrey, at a quiet post-dropout dinner in New York, amused guests with his impromptu sketches, actually passing them around the table. But unlike Reagan, he doesn't keep smilin': *I will never endorse* ***Bill Clinton***, Kerrey said as he doodled. *Never.*

2

When Sony made the grandiose nine-year-old AT&T Building its new New York headquarters last year, the fire-sale takeover was regarded as one more symbol of Japan's economic triumph. But Sony president and CEO **Norio Ohga** is evidently unimpressed by his new postmodern monument. Ohga met recently with American Sony executives in the profligately decorated Ur-1980s 35th-floor boardroom. Facing the people collectively responsible for *Return to the Blue Lagoon* and *Radio Flyer*, Ohga looked around the room and observed, not altogether good-naturedly, *Too much marble, not enough hits.*

Norio

3

What finally led actress **Sharon Stone** to leave her former, not-at-all-arrogant talent agency, Creative Artists Agency? Like most not-yet-big-time stars, Stone was treated with casual disregard at rare meetings with her agent, who rescheduled appointments cavalierly and kept her waiting interminably. At one of her last meetings, around the time she costarred in *Total Recall*, Stone found herself killing time in the CAA waiting area, watching a man sitting across from her read the newspaper. Half an hour crept by before the man put down his paper and Stone found that her fellow nobody was **Sean Connery**.

4

As the **Duchess of York**'s oafish behavior continues to swell the circulation of British newspapers, chagrined Englishfolk, long accustomed to looking down on Americans, have no doubt resorted to saying, *Well, at least she's no* ***Dan Quayle***. But people who have visited her former suite in Buckingham Palace cannot help but notice that the two have remarkably similar taste in souvenirs. There, prominently displayed on a shelf of knickknacks, is a primitive "anatomically correct" doll of the kind made famous by Quayle during a visit to South America.

Dan

Hand lettering by Lilla Rogers

Copyrighted material



Inside Out **Hot Gossip from the Files of the SEC! This month: Politics**

Insider trading got a bad name in the 1980s, but perfectly legitimate insider trading goes on every day. Whenever a director or officer of a public company (an "insider") buys or sells its stock, the transaction must be reported to the SEC. Investors use this information to pick up clues about where a company is going. We use this knowledge (gathered from the on-line computer service Invest/Net) to satisfy a prurient and tendentious interest in the personal finances of the rich and famous.

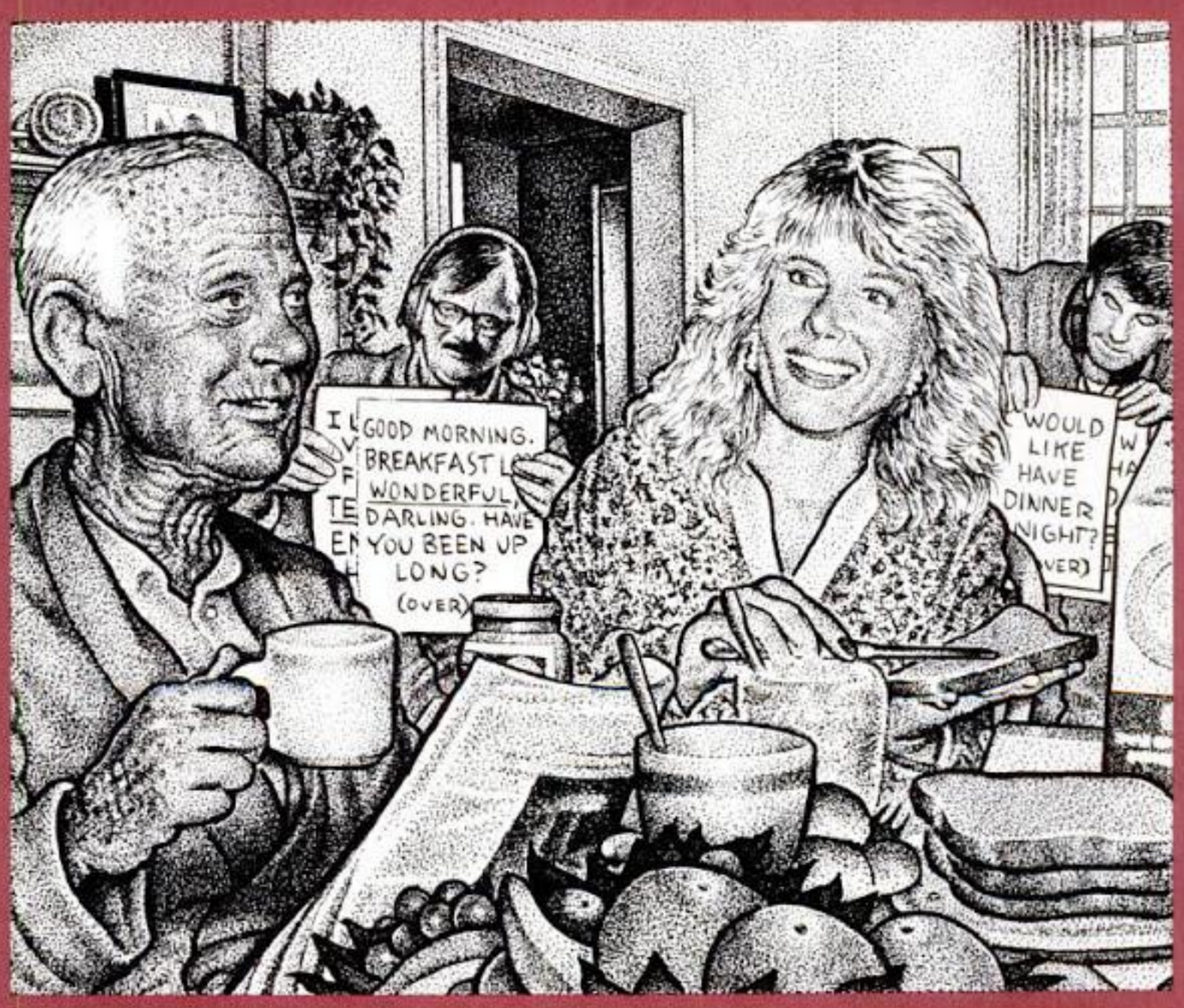
HENRY KISSINGER is a director of CBS (in 1989, he bought 500 shares for $101,000—now worth $89,000); American Express (he owns 2,400 shares, worth $54,300); and Union Pacific (2,000 shares worth $97,250).

Bush reelection-campaign manager **FREDERIC MALEK** is a director of many, many companies, including Automatic Data Processing (1,500 shares, $67,687); FPL Group (1,000 shares, $33,750); Manor Care (no shares); Gibson Greetings (2,000 shares, $54,500); Mark Controls Corp. (54,206 shares, $494,630); Mohasco Corp. (no shares); Sargent-Welch Scientific (no shares); ICF International (15,000 shares, $127,500); National Education Corp. (1,950 shares, $20,475).

ICF is partly controlled by Fiat mogul **Giovanni Agnelli**; former California congressman and Democratic fixer **Tony Coelho** is also a director. National Education, a California-based vocational-school chain, also has **Barry Goldwater** (2,000 shares) on its board. FPL is a nuclear-power company.

And here are the companies on whose boards **HILLARY CLINTON** sits: the Lafarge Corporation, of which she reports owning nothing; TCBY (The Country's Best Yogurt), 300 shares worth $1,537; and Arkansas-based Wal-Mart, 1,600 shares, $87,400.

Private Lives of Public Figures



Johnny Carson and his wife enjoy retirement.

Illustration by Drew Friedman

The Fine Print

by Jamie Malanowski



Cruise Control Freak

Can maniacal micromanagers be pretty? Possibly. Below, a memo circulated at Odin Productions, which shows that the star of *Legend* and *Cocktail* likes to run a very, very tight ship.

"TO: Distribution
FR: Tom Cruise

"Enclosed please find TWO copies of a 'Program/game plan' for the ad campaign shoot today [for the film *Far and Away*]....Once this 'Program' is read and understood...please sign the top right corner and return ONE copy to me....

"MAJOR TARGET:

"1. To get an OUTSTANDING shot for a [poster] that evokes a voluminous amount of interest & positive reaction.

"2. To get a 'three shot' of [wife and costar] Nicole Kidman, [director] Ron Howard and myself for the cover of *Premiere* that evokes more sales than ever.

"3. To have great shots of myself & Nicole Kidman separately that most publications are completely satisfied in ▶

Copyrighted material

using to plant in their magazines....

"VITAL TARGETS:

"1. If there is a holdup to this program or a missed deadline [Imagine Films marketing vice president] MICHAEL ROSENBERG must find out 'why' it has stalled and get it back on track as fast as possible.

"2. It is the responsibility of MICHAEL ROSENBERG to ensure the deadlines be met!

"OPERATING TARGETS:

"1. The three sketches 'B' 'C' & 'O' must be re-submitted to TC for approval to SHOOT. This must be signed off by TC....

"2. TC's requested sketches of TC & NK sitting on crates must be submitted to TC to approve....

"3. FINALIZE IN WRITING exactly which sketches are going to be shot....

"4. SUBMIT the APPROVED sketches to [costume designer] Joanna Johnston so she can return them to TC for costume/look approval. This must be signed off by TC.

"5. FINALIZE IN WRITING the approved costumes....

"6. POLAROIDS should be ▶

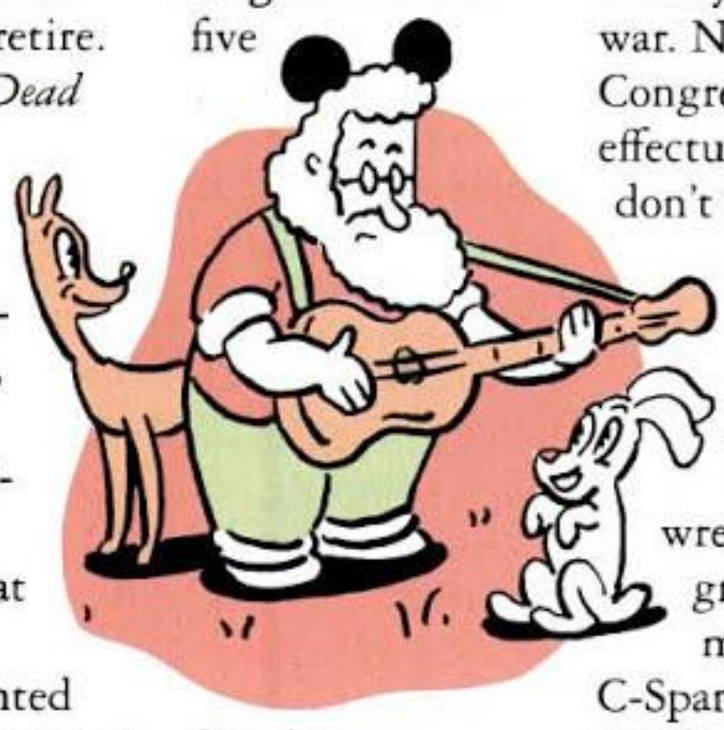
June Datebook

Enchanting and Alarming Events Upcoming

4 Ohio senator Howard Metzenbaum turns 75; his Senate term turns 15½. Which makes it difficult to choose the best reason for him to retire.

5 *Grateful Dead Comix*, published by Disney's Hyperion Books, hits the stores, bearing the promise that "two trees will be planted for every tree used in the publication." Unfortunately for long-time Deadheads, there is no similar scheme to replace lost brain cells.

9 Michael J. Fox turns 31; his height remains five foot four.

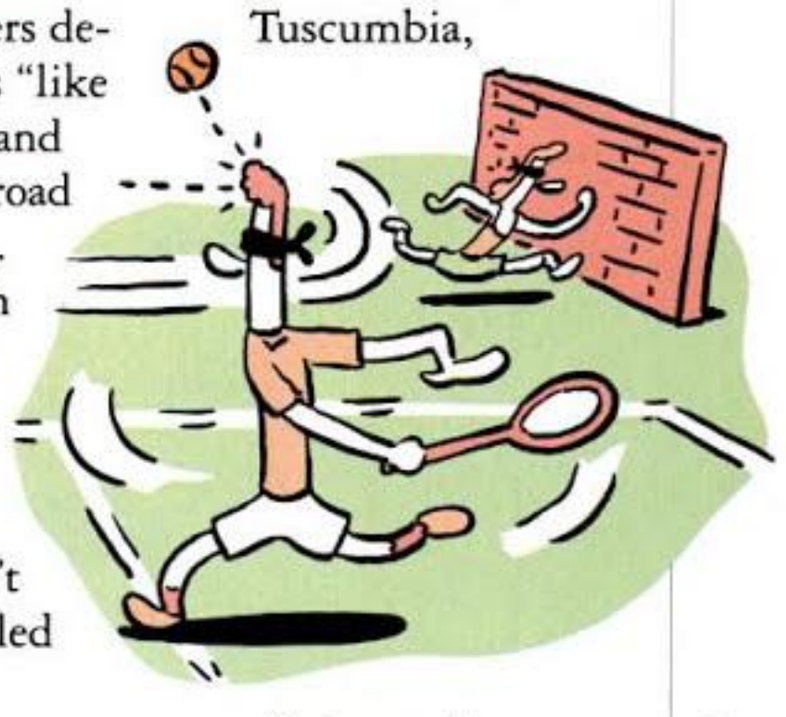


15 Great Britain's House of Lords pulls for its fourth consecutive victory over the House of Commons in the dignified Parliament's annual charity tug-of-war. Not only is Congress less effectual, but we don't even get to witness a Gingrich-vs.-Moynihan arm-wrestling grudge match on C-Span.

19–29 San Francisco International Lesbian & Gay Film Festival. On this year's schedule: *The Living End*, which the organizers describe as "like a Hope and Crosby road movie... in which Crosby fucks Hope." Then shouldn't it be called *Road to Sodom?*

23 Opening day of the Mount Hood Snowboard camp in Hillsboro, Oregon. On MTV, 20-year-old champ Jeff Brushie described the voguish sport this way: "Snowboarding is different from skiing, but also it's like skiing except that you're sideways on a board. Except when you're in the air. When you're in the air, then it's like skateboarding. I like big air. It gives me a scare." When asked for a further explanation of Brushie's account, snowboard-industry spokesman Pierce Flynn offered, "Jeff's a really fun guy." Du-u-u-ude.

26–28 Helen Keller Festival, Tuscumbia, Alabama, in honor of her birth there on June 27, 1880, and featuring "tennis tournaments, races...and much more."



Illustrations by Phil Marden

Blurb-o-Mat

Capsule Reviews by Walter Monheit™, the Movie Publicist's Friend



BOOMERANG, starring Eddie Murphy (Paramount) ℘℘℘
Walter Monheit says, **"Heads up, Wayne and Garth! Eddie's ricocheted out of oblivion and—*boingggggg!*—back into comedy-king contention!"**

FAR AND AWAY, starring Tom Cruise, Nicole Kidman (Universal) ℘℘℘℘
Walter Monheit says, **"Oscar go bragh! Tom gets his Irish up like he hasn't since *The Fourth of July*, and Nicole—*ooof!*—now you know why I love Aer Lingus!"**

BATMAN RETURNS, starring Michael Keaton, Michelle Pfeiffer, Danny DeVito (Warner Bros.) ℘℘℘℘
Walter Monheit says, **"Holy hit-in-the-making! Same Bat action, same Bat sizzle, but this time—*ooof!*—Michelle's catsuited butt too!"**

What the monocles mean: ℘℘℘ —excellent;
℘℘℘℘ —indisputably a classic

Copyrighted material

Your Tax Dollars at Work! The National Museum of Health and Medicine

The surgery on Ronald Reagan's hand and the treatment of Ike's coronary artery disease were probably money well spent at Walter Reed Army Medical Center in Washington. But $1 million a year of taxpayers' money is going into another *endeavor there that most of us haven't yet benefited from....*

It looks like the severed appendage of a Botticelli nude rendered in Spam, but the gigantic elephantiasis-swollen leg in the jar is real enough, hacked off at midthigh and pickled for posterity (Fig. 1). And the bowling-bag thing next to it? According to the exhibit label, it's "a portion of a young man's scrotum that weighed 40 pounds....After removal...the patient was able to live an essentially normal life."

The National Museum of Health and Medicine is chockfull of wholly unsavory body bits of GIs and other citizens, each one put up like Grandma's preserves. The collection pulls in unsuspecting families who've strayed from the National Portrait Gallery or the Hirshhorn, to the tune of about 40,000 a year. Granted, that means that for every 2,400 tourists who check out Amelia Earhart's Lockheed Vega at the Air and Space Museum, maybe a dozen will see Health and Medicine's stomach-size hairball from a 12-year-old girl's stomach. But those who do come will surely be impressed—the Smithsonian may have Fonzie's leather jacket, but only Health and Medicine has the critically acclaimed "Lung penetrated by small arms missile," President Garfield's bullet-severed vertebrae, and hand-gathered fragments of Lincoln's skull.



Fig. 1

There's a lot to be learned about your digestive system here. The display doesn't explain exactly what hemorrhagic fever is, but you can see that it turns your stomach into a dried Asian vegetable. A yellow bratwurstlike mass 18 inches in diameter and coated in glossy shellac turns out to be a distended colon "surgically removed from a 19-year-old male who had a long history of constipation." And die-hard fans of GIs' GI tracts will revel in "Colon of a soldier who suffered from diarrhea for over four months," "Ileum of a soldier suffering from typhoid fever" and "Colon of a soldier who...died of a hemorrhage of the bowel."



Fig. 2

On the way into the museum you pass right by the gallery of mutant babies in jars, a perennial favorite that includes a baby cyclops, an achondroplastic infant's enormous head and a stunning variety of Siamese twins. One can't help wondering if the one-headed, two-bodied baby (Fig. 2) shouldn't have hooked up with the two-headed, one-bodied baby in the next room.

The "Penis with venereal warts," alas, is only a convincing wax model bearing a striking resemblance to Tip O'Neill's nose, but the wall o' condoms is artfully mounted on bathroom tiles. Officials are quick to point out that the congressionally mandated, federally funded museum also contains a collection of microscopes and an AIDS exhibit; but visitors tend to spend more time with the heart poisoned by foot powder.

It's a pity there's no gift shop: The severed gangrenous foot would make a great stocking stuffer, and a box of slides of Ulysses Grant's tumors would spruce up any home furnished in Early American; Lynch and Van Gogh fans, meanwhile, would probably cough up plenty for the "Ear in presentation box."

After a quick look at skull drills through history and the dog's-heart country worm jamboree, be sure to stop by the Walter Reed Hospitality House, just across Georgia Avenue—there's a big sign out front pushing their all-you-can-eat lunch special.

—John William Lamm

Copyrighted material

taken with stand-ins for TC & NK at the studio, of the exact poses, with the exact lighting, and costume.... These Polaroids to be submitted to TC & NK to sign off on....

"7. Final styling & check of TC's wig must take place...."

Wig?



Government Waste, Part I

Surprisingly, one of the nation's leading publishers of periodicals is the federal government. These include a host of scholarly or pseudoscholarly journals—*Schizophrenia Bulletin, Problems of Communism*—as well as what amount to trade journals for our civil servants. After reading many of these periodicals, we thought we'd share some of the remarkable examples of writing and editorial judgment they feature. In the December issue of the *FBI Law Enforcement Bulletin*, for example, there was an article entitled "Police Communications in the Information Age." "In recent years," it says, "the facsimile machine has enhanced productivity considerably in many fields, including law enforcement. Many departments are ▸

Sing, Muse! Or at Least Tell Me What Books to Read: Installment II

"How we shape our understanding of history will be determined by what we find significant in it, and that in turn will be determined not by any potentially accurate view of history, but rather by the tension and balance that exists in our daily relationships."
—LINCOLN JOHNSON, on the Baltimore Museum show "1914" (1964)

"How we shape our understanding of others' lives is determined by what we find memorable in them, and that in turn is determined not by any potentially accurate overview of another's personality, but rather by the tension and balance that exist in our daily relationships."
—TOM ROBBINS, *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues* (1976) —*Michael Starno*

Naked City



Say, Who Dat Senator?



Alan Simpson, *left*, the three-term Republican senator from Wyoming, performs in a Cody Rotary Club minstrel show in 1968, a few weeks before Martin Luther King Jr.'s assassination.

The Latest Line This Month: The Odds Against Some New Revelation About Bill Clinton Making News

Has webbed toes.....5,000:1

Has long-standing romantic relationship with Garth Brooks...90:1

Shot a man in Reno, just to see him die.....85:1

Has agreed to let Don King handle all his future bouts.....40:1

Bar-exam cheating scandal.....30:1

Hates that University of Arkansas Razorbacks fans require him to wear a pig hat and snort.....10:1

Has used ecstasy 6:1

Has never actually watched *Designing Women* 5:1

Beat up an aide in the governor's office.....3:1

Ridicules his wife's headbands 2:1

Goes out of his way to compliment Eleanor Clift 1:1

Copyrighted material

PARLIAMENT

Lights



THE
PERFECT RECESS

9 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1992

taking advantage of the fax machine, using it to forward various documents and reports to other agencies." The article warns of two potential problems entailed in using a fax machine: "The first occurs when the facsimile number is misdialed. If the error is not caught, the document may be transmitted to a location other than the intended one." The second problem involves the "disclosure of information to unauthorized personnel at the point of the fax's acceptance."

In another issue, in an article entitled "Corruption: A Continuing Challenge for Law Enforcement," readers are told that "corruption can destroy the special bond of trust between law enforcement and the public." Just a few pages later, in an article called "Foreign Counterintelligence: An FBI Priority," readers are told that the cars of foreign diplomats have specially coded license plates: "When these individuals travel outside their diplomatic area, their activities may be of interest to the FBI. This is especially the case if such a license plate is observed in a rural area, near a U.S. military installation, in the vicinity of a defense contractor, or for that matter, anywhere at an unusual time. Noting the license plate and reporting it immediately to the local FBI office may be of great importance."

Next month: military publications.

"And, Mr. MacNeil, Could You Sign It, 'Your Pal, Robin'?"

More Authors' Book Signings Observed

AUTHOR: Mark Lane
WORK PROMOTED: *Plausible Denial: Was the CIA Involved in the Assassination of JFK?*
TIME AND PLACE: Weekday afternoon, Waldenbooks in financial district
THE SCENE: Armed with three felt-tipped pens and a *Far Side* mug of coffee, Lane manages to sign more than 100 autographs in an hour. A steady stream of surprisingly respectable-looking people request not only Lane's signature but also a summary of the book's contents. Lane obliges, taking random swipes at the Warren Commission, Oliver Stone and Dan Rather and repeatedly asserting, "I don't have a *theory*—I have a legal case"; he also accepts an original piece of conspiracy-inspired artwork and signs photographs of a pseudo–Dallas motorcade from a film shot in Brooklyn. Lane spends considerable time talking with a man from WBAI who wants to interview various people with theories on the assassination. "Yes," Lane keeps insisting, "but I don't have a *theory*."



AUTHOR: Robert MacNeil
WORK PROMOTED: His novel *Burden of Desire*
TIME AND PLACE: Weekday lunchtime, midtown Brentano's
THE SCENE: Seated behind a polished-oak desk at the top of a grand staircase, PBS anchorman MacNeil seems untroubled that only a trickle of shoppers approach him for an autograph. The same cannot be said of his Brentano's handler, who relentlessly consoles him. "If it were a sports figure's autobiography, we could sell 200, but we wouldn't feel as *good* about it," he says. MacNeil kills time by chatting with a visitor who says he saw MacNeil perform at Priscilla Beach's summer theater in the early 1950s. At the end, the Brentano's employee says with a straight face that this turnout is "better than [that for] our average best-sellers."

AUTHORS: Marilyn Quayle and Nancy Northcott
WORK PROMOTED: *Embrace the Serpent*
TIME AND PLACE: Weekday lunchtime, Bloomingdale's
THE SCENE: The air is heavy with anticipation and perfume samples as about 15 autograph seekers await the arrival of the vice president's wife and the vice president's sister-in-law. Ten minutes after the official start time, word comes down: *She's stopped at the Estée Lauder counter*. Moments later the novelists appear and the signing begins, but after the original 15 fans have been processed, it becomes clear that almost no one else is interested in buying a book, autographed or not. In a mild panic, a store representative calls for "more DMs," and very soon, well-groomed department managers start lining up. Though the ploy seems to fool the authors, it only annoys the store employees. "I bet you *Hillary* would have the place packed," says one. As it turns out, several fans are AIDS activists, one of whom hands Quayle condoms for her teenage son Tucker; they are promptly dragged off. —*Daniel Radosh*

Copyrighted material



A Brief History of Television

Part IV: "The Foreign Affair"

May 31, 1960 **DOBIE GILLIS** (CBS) Maynard falls for lovely Françoise from France.

September 25, 1963 **THE PATTY DUKE SHOW** (ABC) Patty falls for charming André from France.

April 6, 1966 **THE BEVERLY HILLBILLIES** (CBS) Jethro falls for glamorous Ulla from Sweden.

December 18, 1967 **THE LUCY SHOW** (CBS) Lucy falls for handsome Jacques from France.

December 16, 1968 **FAMILY AFFAIR** (CBS) Uncle Bill falls for lovely Lucianna from Italy.

December 11, 1969 **THE GHOST AND MRS. MUIR** (ABC) Candy falls for young Mark from England.

September 27, 1971 **THE DORIS DAY SHOW** (CBS) Doris falls for famous Carlo from Italy.

January 19, 1977 **GOOD TIMES** (CBS) Thelma falls for suave Ibe Wubila from Africa.

September 25, 1982 **THE FACTS OF LIFE** (NBC) Jo falls for debonair David from France.

May 8, 1989 **THE HOGAN FAMILY** (NBC) David falls for enchanting Chiara from Italy.

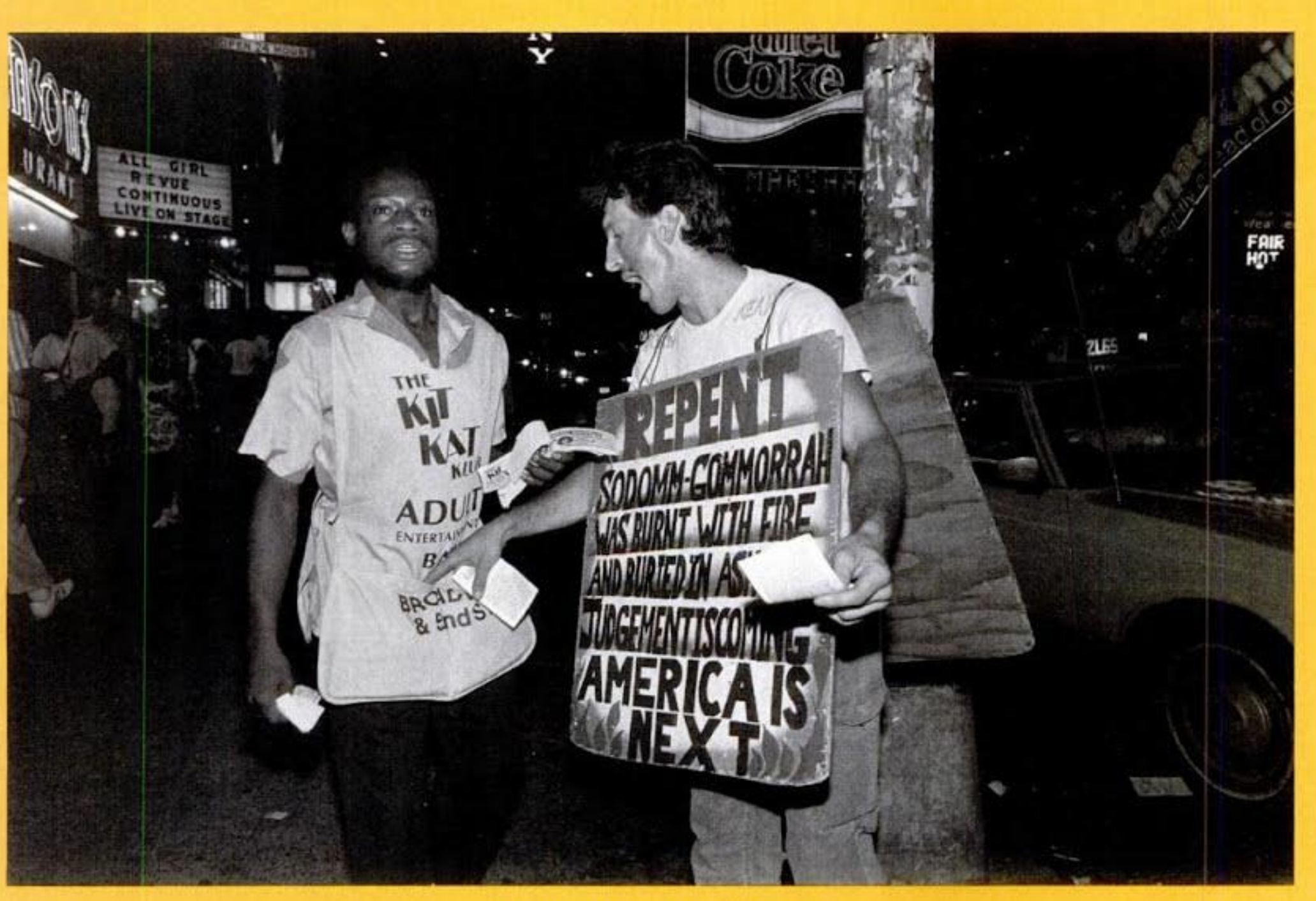
March 18, 1990 **THE SIMPSONS** (Fox) Marge falls for charming Jacques from France.

December 13, 1990 **CHEERS** (NBC) Kelly falls for amorous Henri from France.

January 19, 1991 **DEAR JOHN** (NBC) Kate falls for wealthy Alejandro from Argentina.

—Joseph Malgarini

It's a Wonderful Town!



Men debating morality in Times Square.

Photograph by Andrew Savulich

Illustration by Timothy Carroll

Copyrighted Material

Love Means Never Having to Say Something That's Not in the Script

Amazing Revelation: *Studs* Is Fake!

What's the difference between Fox TV's *Studs* and its precursor *The Dating Game*? On *Studs*, contestants don't have to say "whoopee"; they can say "nookie"—and a whole lot more. Perhaps this explains why *Studs* bills itself as television's "most realistic game show" and why voice-of-the-nineties *New Republic* editor and admitted Rogaine user Andrew Sullivan says it's the only TV show he watches regularly.

The *Studs* format, of course, involves two men going on dates with the same three women and then appearing on the show to compare notes, the men guessing which women said which *Penthouse* Forum–ish things about them. In the old days, talent scouts would just go to L.A. bars and ask any large-chested youth in cowboy boots if he or she wanted to meet people and get on TV. Now, says *Studs*'s host, Mark DeCarlo, Fox screens several hundred men and women each week. Beth Grossbard, *Studs*'s spokeswoman, says she can tell which days are tryout days without leaving her desk. "The smell of hair spray and cologne is enough to kill," she says. "My contact lenses start to burn."

Would-be contestants fill out questionnaires asking them to circle which of 20 attributes best describe them. "Smile," "legs," "breasts" and "butt" are among the options. Then the 10 percent who pass a Q&A "personality test" are invited back for in-depth questioning ("Would you say you're good in bed?") to match up fivesomes for an episode. Matches are made, dates completed. Then *Studs*'s segment producers hit the phones, debriefing the female contestants about their dates (and instructing them to wear something revealing for the taping). It is these calls that provide the women's "answers" on the show. For example: "One squirt of his jam and I needed a shower" (after the two had shared a jelly doughnut). Or "Any guy who can eat more meat than me is my kind of guy" (said about a date at a steak house).

In 1992 it's not hard to believe that five young people will go on TV and talk about fornicating with strangers (under 20 percent actually have sex, DeCarlo figures). What is



hard to believe is that the giggling, spandex-clad denim designers and fitness marketing managers who appear on *Studs* are so consistently adept at this type of, uh, figurative language. And, of course, they're not. *Studs* likes to make a big pitch for the show's veracity ("We have no writers; what you see is what you get," says DeCarlo), but a disclaimer that runs with the credits says, "*Contestants' answers which appear on screen are the contestants' own but may have been paraphrased or edited by the producer.*" Indeed, of the dozen *Studs* contestants I interviewed, all said their responses had been entirely scripted.

During a postdate phone interview, contestant Candy Mellana, a photo-lab employee, was asked by a *Studs* segment producer to describe the car that Anthony, a La Jolla bartender, had driven on their date. "There's a tape stuck in the tape deck," she answered. "He has to jam a screwdriver into the deck to get the radio to play." When Mellana arrived at the Fox studio for the taping, she was handed her answers on cards. One said, "One thrust of his tool and the car was filled with music."

"I kissed one of the guys," says Laurel Taggart, a San Diego college student, "and they had me saying, 'We played tug-of-war with our tongues.' But I didn't know it till, like, the day of the filming. I come in, they give me a sheet of quotes and go, 'Okay, this is what you said.' I was like, 'I don't know if I want to say this.' And they're like, 'Oh, come on. It will get a lot of laughs.' None of the girls on my episode changed any of their quotes."

Is this bad news, you may ask, for those of us who like to watch *Studs* because it allows us to wallow

Copyrighted material

in the unashamedly sordid trashiness of underachieving twentysomething Americans? Not necessarily. Now we can love *Studs* because it allows us to wallow in the unashamedly sordid trashiness of low-level Fox segment producers.

Traci Smith, a waitress, says, "The producer asked me on the phone to explain what kind of body Matt [her date] had. I said, 'He's skinny like Gilligan, with no outstanding features that really stood out.'

"On the show they said I said, 'He had a cute little Gilligan butt.' And I'm just going, 'Oh, my God.' It was the worst. I didn't want to be known for liking a guy's butt. I'm not a butt person."

Some of what the TV viewer doesn't see is even better. In order to broaden its appeal to include points to the cultural and geographical right of L.A., *Studs* has held tryouts in different cities. At the search for the two biggest studs in Washington, D.C., held at a bar called Studebaker's, male contestants were asked to perform a "stupid human trick." While most of the aspiring studs made do with creative ways of eating olives, Scott, a phone salesman, stepped up and pulled down his pants. "This is something my uncle taught me," he announced. According to a fellow contestant, "He put his dick between his legs and said, 'Look, I'm a girl.' It was just like in *The Silence of the Lambs*." Scott finished first and won a trip to L.A. to appear on *Studs*, where one female contestant said, "He's as kind and understanding as Mother Teresa," and another summed him up with the following: "He's got the nicest, biggest, beefiest butt." This contestant, presumably, was a butt person. —*Eric Konigsberg*

LYLE

A TOUCH OF JAZZ

LOVETT

A BIT OF THE BLUES

JOSHUA

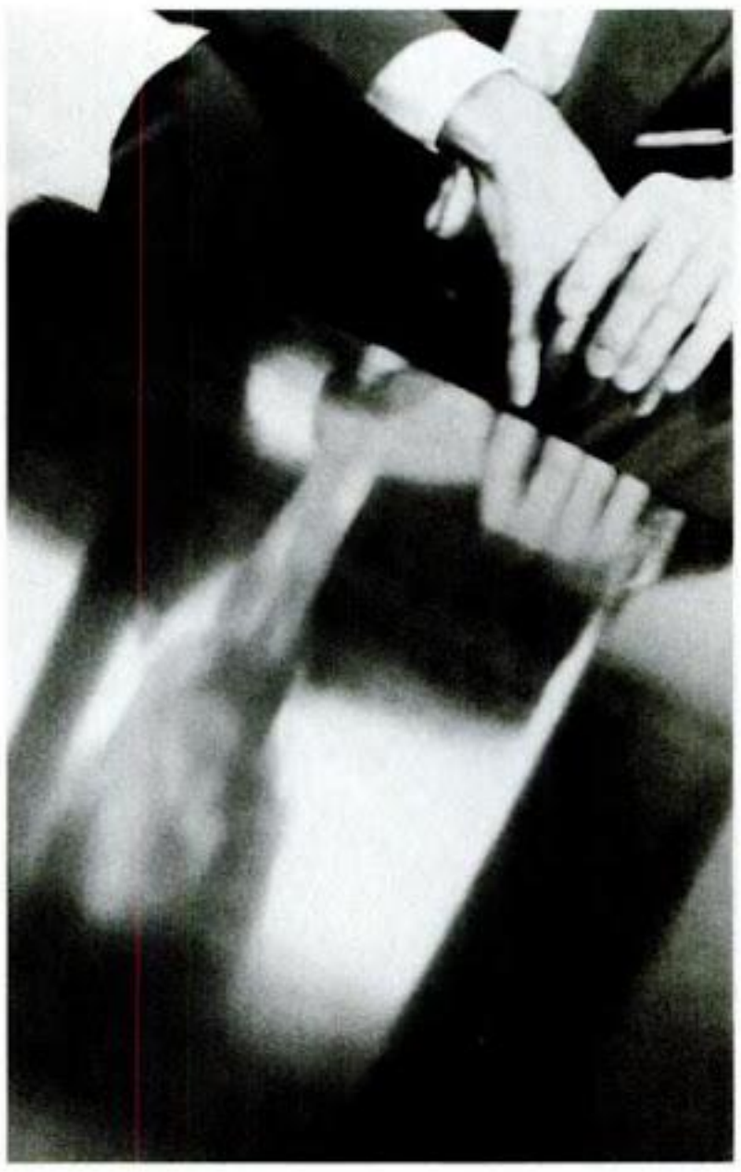
AND SONGS ABOUT

JUDGES

DEATH, WOMEN

RUTH

AND FOOD



THE FIRST ALBUM IN THREE YEARS FROM
THE GRAMMY AWARD WINNER

FEATURING
"SHE'S ALREADY MADE UP HER MIND" AND "CHURCH"

VH-1 ARTIST OF THE MONTH IN MAY

AVAILABLE ON CURB/MCA COMPACT DISCS AND HIQ CASSETTES

CURB MCA

©1992 CURB MUSIC COMPANY/MCA RECORDS, INC.

AVAILABLE BY PHONE ORDER: 1-800-782-3747

musicland WE GOT WHAT'S HOT.

SamGoody GOODY GOT IT!

Copyrighted material

Separated at Birth?



Sally Jessy Raphaël...



and Dustin Hoffman in *Tootsie*?



Scary flack Peggy Siegal...



and dead heiress Christina Onassis?



The Flying Tigers' General Chennault...



and Lyle Lovett?



Douglas Wilder...



and Ralph Lauren?



Jasmine Guy...



and Michael Jackson?

Meet the Nobelists!

This Month's Question: What's the best way to stop hiccups?

Melvin Calvin, 1961 Nobel Prize in Chemistry: "My mother used to say, 'Take a drink of water,' and it works. And the reason I think it works, now that I look back on it (I've done it now for 40 years), is that when you're drinking water, you *can't* hiccup....It'll get into your lungs....It's very bad—it hurts."

Howard M. Temin, 1975 Nobel Prize in Medicine: "That, unfortunately, is not my field—I am a virologist. I can only tell you what was told to me, probably as a young boy. I don't know the source of that, but it's to hold one's breath. I would say it is probably like treating a cold—if you *don't* treat it, it lasts six or seven days, and if you *do* treat it, it lasts a week."

Leon M. Lederman, 1988 Nobel Prize in Physics: "Hold your breath? It doesn't always stop it, [but] it may discourage it. Maybe it's inherited genetically....It's certainly a natural inheritance, unless there's a breed of people that are hiccupless, [but] it's a social error to comment on things like that. Never comment when a person makes noises that are unusual."

David H. Hubel, 1981 Nobel Prize in Medicine: "I think there are 101 ideas about what to do, and I'm not sure any of them work. I've heard of people who have gone on hiccuping year after year until they get so used to it that they feel they'd miss it if they weren't....The immediate cause [is known]—they know the nerve that goes to the diaphragm, and it's sort of a twitching of the diaphragm because the synchronous nerve impulse is coming down...You don't want to hear this!"

Paul A. Samuelson, 1970 Nobel Prize in Economics: "I think I'd rather have a beta-blocker today than...home remedies, because if you get hiccups for two days, it's very serious. By the way, you're asking a person with many doctorate degrees, but none of them are the useful kind where medicine is concerned."

Richard Taylor, 1990 Nobel Prize in Physics: "There's lots of fancy things...things that just took your concentration. When you concentrated, maybe they stopped. But maybe they didn't....I haven't noticed any particularly efficacious way to handle them."

Kenneth J. Arrow, 1972 Nobel Prize in Economics: "I think I once put a bag over my head. But hiccups has not been one of my major problems." —*Gregg Stebben*

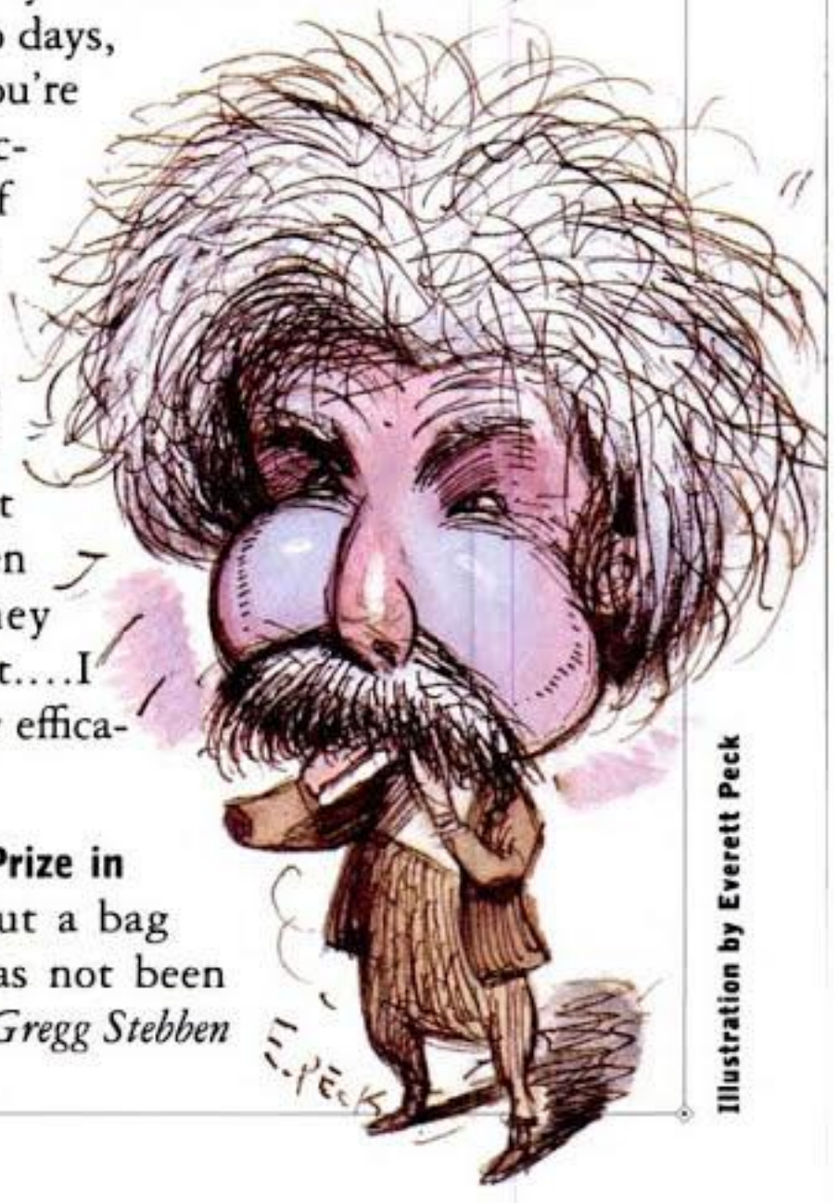


Illustration by Everett Peck

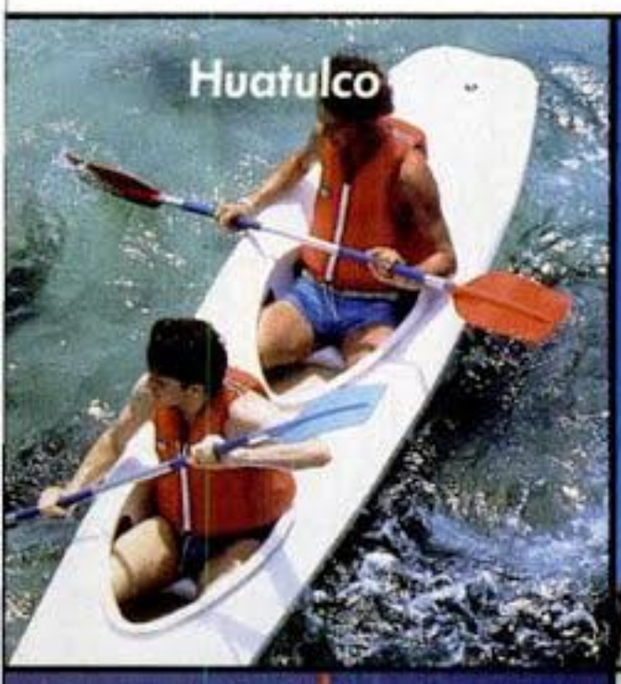
Copyrighted material

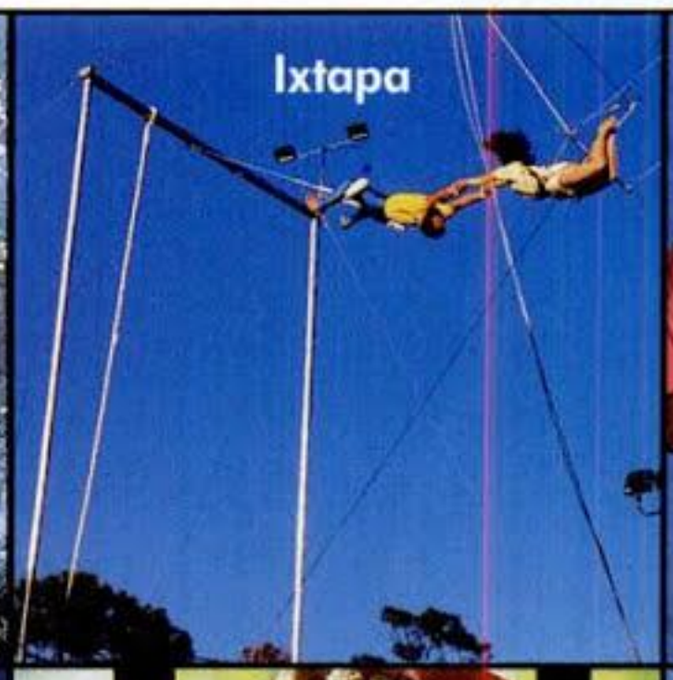
Like the perfect gown or a well-tailored suit, a Club Med vacation has to fit.

At Club Med, vacations come in different sizes and styles. Some cater to couples, others to singles. Some offer families a week of kids' activities so parents can enjoy a week of their own. There are vacations that focus on water sports. Others on tennis and horseback riding. Some for exploring the oceans via intensive scuba programs. Another that lets you cruise the Caribbean aboard the world's largest sailing ship, the Club Med I. The question, of course, is *which* Club Med will give you precisely the vacation you're looking for? Fortunately, the answer is as simple as asking your travel agent, or calling **1-800-CLUB-MED.** No squeezing big vacation plans into a one-size-fits-all package. No altering your schedule to suit someone else's itinerary. As long as you have a vacation in mind, Club Med has a vacation you'll long remember. Somehow, it seems fitting.

Club Med
The antidote for civilization.

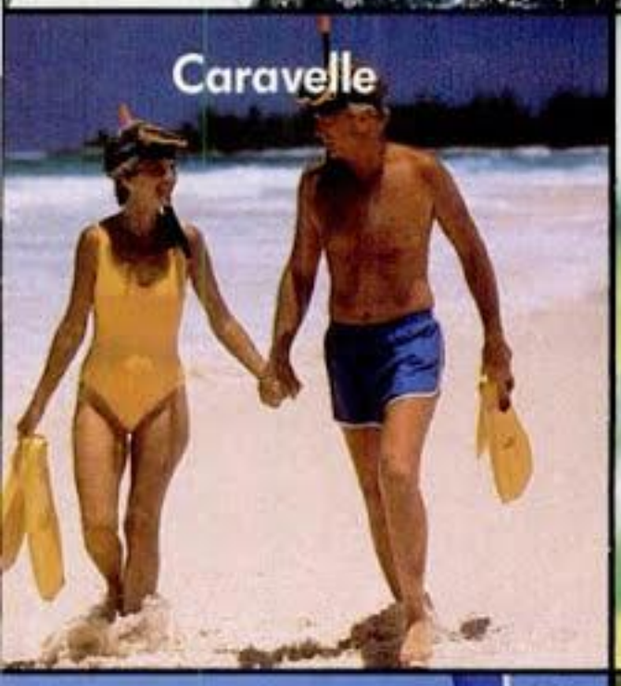
This year, take home a Club Med vacation.



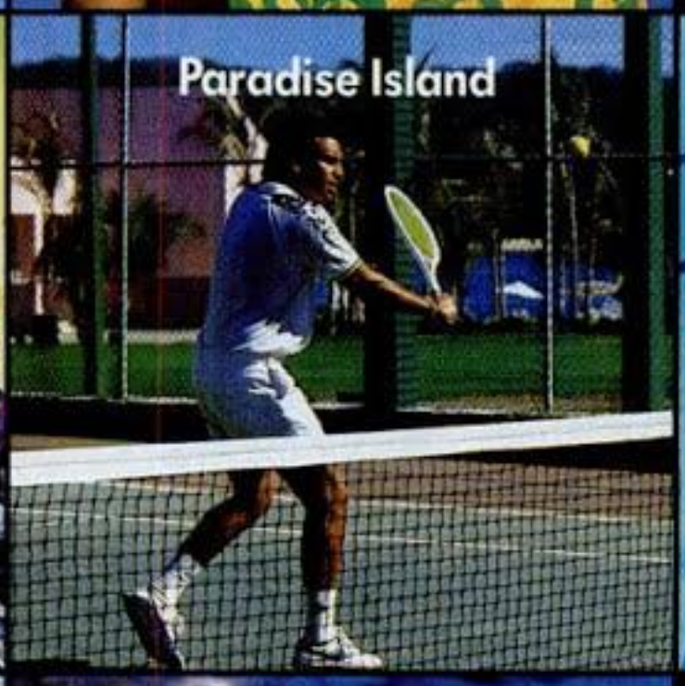


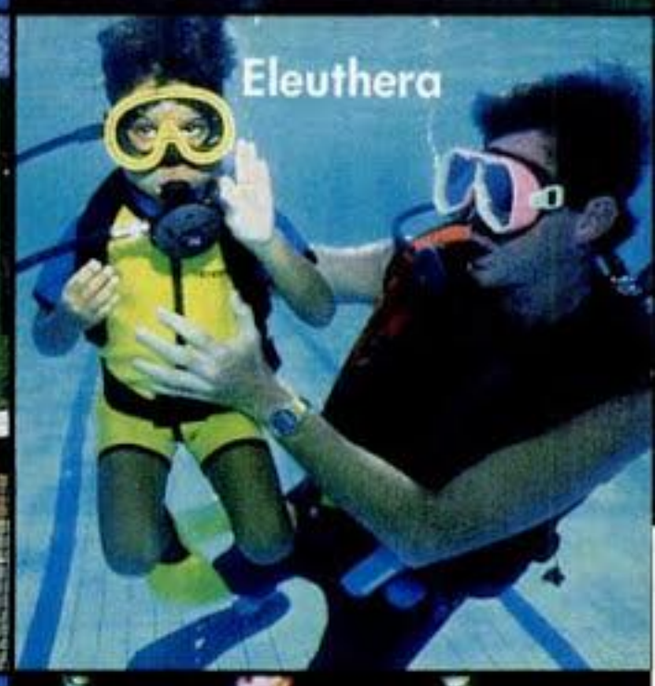


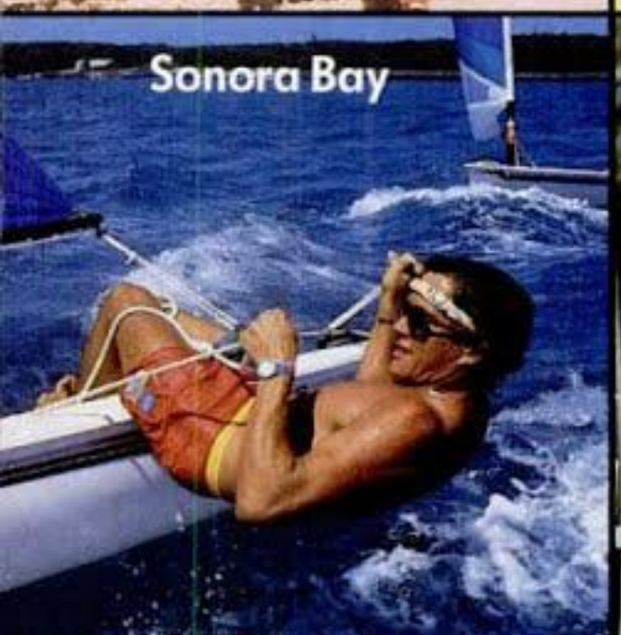






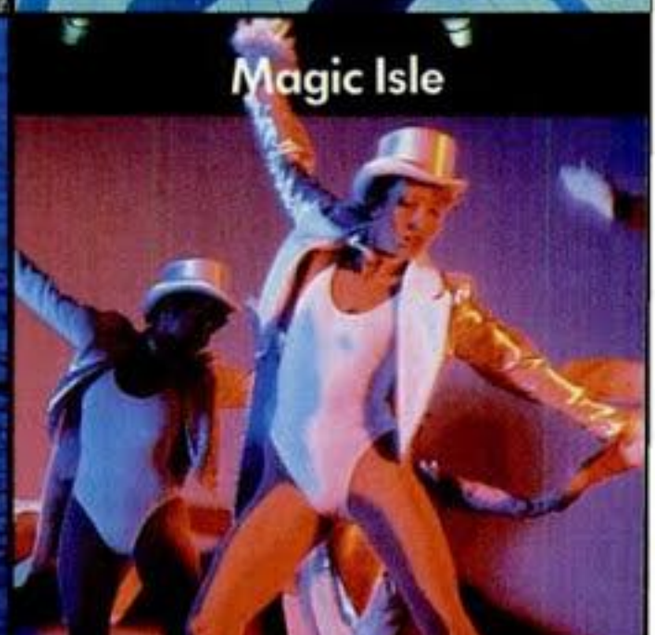


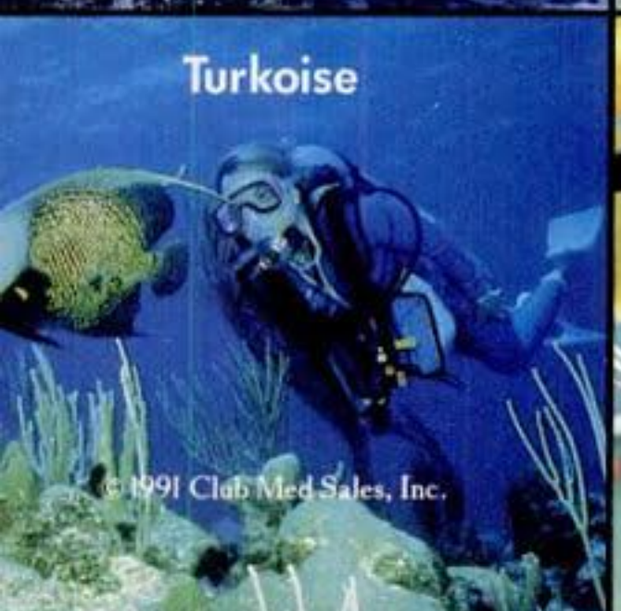


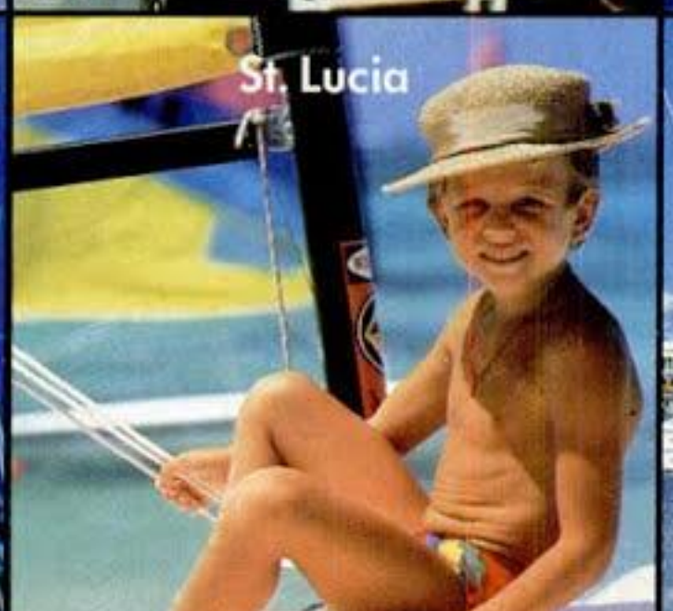


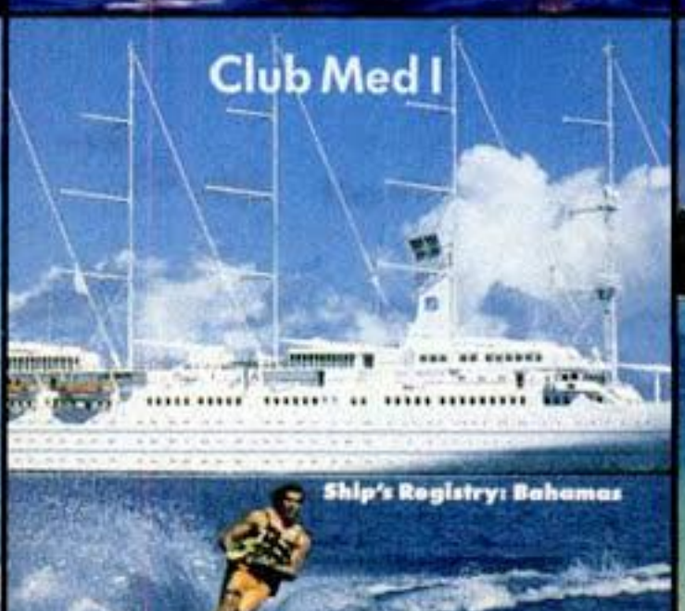


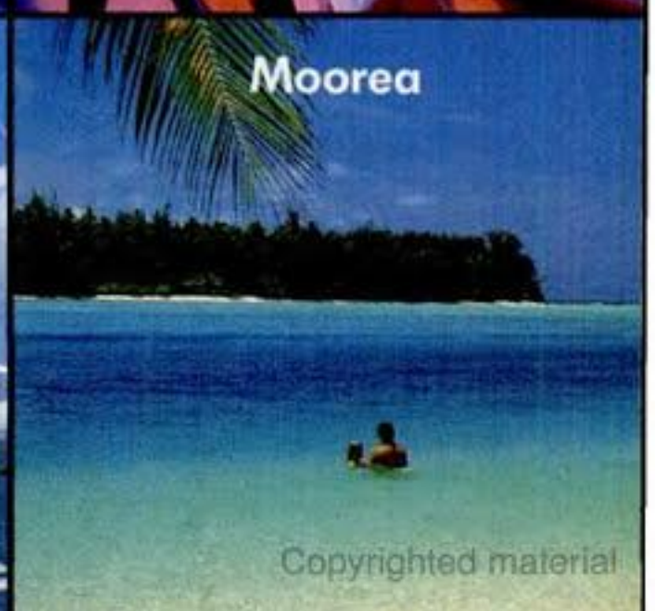












Copyrighted material

MELISSA ETHERIDGE



"never enough"

The new album.

Featuring the tracks

AIN'T IT HEAVY

2001

DANCE WITHOUT SLEEPING

© 1992 ISLAND RECORDS, INC.

ISLAND

Copyrighted material

SPY BIG PICTURES

This Month: *Global village! The fitness regimens of world leaders, blasphemers in high places, and Fergie gets carted away.* **June 1992**



Bill Clinton continues to insist on the irrelevance of questions about his personal life.

Copyrighted material

SPY BIG PICTURES



Copyrighted material

President Bush anxiously anticipates his volley in Washington; President Yeltsin's forehand return on holiday in the Crimea.

SPY BIG PICTURES

The resourceful John Paul II finds a nifty new use for papal robes, while a (younger) Frank Sinatra joshingly betrays his aspirations on the set of *The Devil at Four O'Clock*.

Copyrighted material


©PHIL STERN PHOTO

SPY BIG PICTURES

A replica of the Duchess of York is removed from York's Friargate Wax Museum.

Copyrighted material

MAKE RESPONSIBILITY PART OF YOUR ENJOYMENT. Imported by Munson Shaw Co., Deerfield, IL. Jubilaeum,® Akvavit, 42% ALC./VOL. © 1992 Munson Shaw Co.

FORGET VODKA WITH A TWIST. TRY SOME TWISTED VODKA.

BEYOND VODKA. KEEP EVOLVING.

JUBILAEUM

Ravin Bull



SAMMY "THE BULL" GRAVANO, THE FEDERALLY PROTECTED MAFIA PRINCE WHO RATTED ON JOHN GOTTI, IS NOT JUST A MURDEROUS PSYCHOPATHIC SNITCH—HE'S EVIDENTLY A MURDEROUS PSYCHOPATHIC GAY SNITCH. JOHN LOMBARDI GIVES AN EXCLUSIVE GLIMPSE OF A GHASTLY, TWISTED LIFE

WE ALL LOOK LIKE WHAT WE ARE—DANIELLE Steel, a *faux* jewel, a zircon, maybe; Henry Kissinger, a croaking toad; and Sammy Gravano, until recently the underboss of the Gambino mob in New York, an ex-hairdresser, a middle-aged version of one of those exquisite young men you see sweeping up at, say, Licari Color, on Madison.

Sammy did all he could to countervail the impression. He whacked 19 people in 20 years, which even the prosecutors who feed and care for him now admit qualifies him in the serial-killer mode, along with John Wayne Gacy and Ted Bundy. He shot $3,000 a week in Deca-Durabolin, the kind of steroid that turned Lyle Alzado into a kerchief-head, in hopes of bulking up fast, mutating his five-six, 175-pound body into something he hoped would impress John Gotti. At Gleason's Gym in Brooklyn Heights, where he went for boxing lessons with Teddy Atlas (Mike Tyson's first trainer), he had to be restrained from banging too hard on Tyrone Jackson, an ex–lightweight

Copyrighted material



***Far left*, Gravano and Gotti in happier days; *this page*, Sammy "the Sausage" outside the Ravenite Social Club, in Little Italy**

Sodom and Goombata

A CURIOUS GAMBINO-FAMILY HISTORY

Not surprisingly, the Mafia is something less than tolerant and accepting toward homosexuals. In 1985, for example, a government wiretap intercepted a chat between two Genovese-family soldiers. They cracked wise about the Mineshaft, a West Village leather bar of the era. They made snide remarks about the drag queens who appeared in the neighborhood's annual Halloween parade. They disparaged a Gambino-family associate as a "fat fag." And they discussed why it was best to avoid steam baths at the gym. As Frank Condo said on the wiretap, "Only fags take steam baths."



As a young man in East New York, John Gotti apprenticed under Carmine Fatico. Fatico had inherited his Brooklyn turf from Albert Anastasia, yet he and his 100-man crew aggressively developed a wholly new, lucrative market: Fatico ran gay bars in the West Village.

The most openly homosexual Gambino-family associate has been Vito Arena. And like Sammy Gravano, he became an important government witness. Arena was part of a Brooklyn auto-theft ring overseen by Gotti's predecessor, Paul Castellano, and a murderer. In 1982, he and his boyfriend, Joseph Lee, were arrested on weapons charges.

Under cross-examination at his trial, Arena was asked about a photo album found by the authorities in his Brooklyn apartment that contained snapshots of him and Joey Lee having sex. Arena, however, was quick to point out in court that there were about "20 ladies" in his dirty-picture book too.

He was convicted, and flipped; his testimony helped convict nine Gambinos. As part of his cooperation agreement, he requested that the feds pay for plastic surgery, so that this 250-pound thug—who imagined that Tom Selleck would portray him in a movie based on his life—could hide from mob reprisal. And he requested leniency for Joey Lee and a cell next to his in Otisville, a medium-security state prison in upstate New York—both of which the government granted. —*John Brodie*

contender who'd been paid to fight like a male nurse. "Sammy wasn't straight with himself," laughs Atlas. "I mean, he had to know that Tyrone could have *knocked him out* any time he felt like it."

Instead, Gravano came on like RoboMaf—*not* knowing was the operative fantasy. He told Atlas he feared "no one." He rhapsodized to others about the time he blew off the backs of two brothers' skulls in Sheepshead Bay, the .357 hollow points shearing bone, brains spattering against the windshield like vermicelli; he bragged that he was from Bensonhurst, the manger of Murder Inc., the Alphaville of aspiring Icemen. But Bensonhurst was also the live stage set for *Saturday Night Fever* (androgyny's *Gone With the Wind*), and Sammy saw *that* movie 27 times, according to one wiseguy who'd spotted Gravano as a phony "when he was a kid, making his bones." There was a small nocturnal mammal leering luminously beneath the leather jackets and turtlenecks he wore, and, worse than that, a delicacy of feature, a fine, unbroken nose, dimpled cheeks, a tenor voice...."Looking back, it was 8-to-5 the faggot would go against us," says Sal Locascio, son of Frank, the Gambino *consigliere* convicted with Gotti after Sammy sang his song.

But is Gravano actually gay? Was his fear of discovery the root of his spectacular breach of loyalty? Did he feel like a sissy when he sat down to crunch numbers with Big Lou Vallario, Joe Butch Corrao and the other Gambino capos? If denial eventually presents itself as rage, then the circumstantial evidence is in.

In all things, Sammy postured. His family wasn't poor, as he claimed: They ran a dress business. "A *dress* business!" snorts Carlo Vaccarezza, owner of Da Noi ("Of Us"), a restaurant at 74th and York favored by Gotti and his pals when they were at liberty to choose dining sites. Sammy the Shooter had been there just once, in '86, when the place opened, a definite lack of respect. "He's got no stones," growls Vaccarezza, a kind of hardshell Michael Deaver who did escort duty for celebrities like Mickey Rourke and Anthony Quinn during the Gotti trial this spring. "He's what we call 'smart/dumb.'" "Yeah," an associate says, "he's one of those guys that sits down to pee."

When Sammy came home from Vietnam, he enrolled in the Wilfred Academy of Beauty on Willoughby Street in Brooklyn, a temporary detour from his career criminal path. He wore a modified Dippety-do, like Jay Black from the Americans, a thin gold chain and a *monstro* ring that would have looked good on Little Richard, or Elton John. He quickly got tight with a nice-looking kid called Nick Scibetta, who introduced Sammy to his sister Debra, a neighborhood beauty of the Lorraine Bracco school. Within six months they were married and producing babies, Karen (now 19) and Gerard (now 17). But Sammy's friendship with Nicky flourished too: joyrides in a white Mustang; drinking at Gambino bars like Doc's on 17th Avenue in Bensonhurst, and Mackie's at 58th and 18th; they had coke and acid blasts together, took long strolls on the boardwalk at Bath Beach, roughhoused in Nicky's backyard after seeing the movie *Rocky*....

Then Nick's hair began to change colors; a discreet earring appeared; his shirts grew more lavish, and he swayed on his stack-heeled boots. He tried to crash the Factory on Union Square but was too real by half for the Warhol crowd, and ended up straggling back to the neighborhood with some Velvet Underground albums and a Joe Dallessandro look-alike. He did more coke. He swished

Copyrighted material

openly at Doc's. He borrowed money and wouldn't repay it.

Gravano warned his brother-in-law about his drug intake—Sammy had been "made" in 1976 by then–Gambino boss Paul Castellano, was running his own crew, and didn't want his rise checked by dishy fairy tales. Sammy and Nicky began fighting a lot; they had screaming matches that often ended with Sammy punching and kicking; one associate remembers "the both of them, crying like chicks." But Nicky remained close to his sister and, according to Gotti loyalists, uncomfortably close to Sammy too. "It wasn't natural," said John Simone, who was subsequently found dead on Staten Island on September 19, 1980. "People will say you're in love," sneered Frank Stillitano, who was killed in Philadelphia on Valentine's Day 1981.

Before that, Scibetta had vanished, though Sammy never admitted killing him until last November, when he flipped to the feds. A number of families ran a co-op "meat-packing plant" in Sunset Park, where the worst of the Icemen—Tommy "Karate" Pitera, an expert in dismemberment, and Richie Kuklinsky from Jersey—hung out. The building was a little Buchenwald without the gas, but state-of-the-art in surgical tools and chainsaws. Scibetta may have passed through there, and then had select parts of his anatomy redistributed in his own backyard. The Scibetta family dog interrupted *M*A*S*H* one night in 1978, bearing Nicky's hand in his mouth. Tearful relatives buried it with the sacred rites of the Church.

Post-Scibetta, Sammy grew more insular; his muscles bulged, his humor corroded. One afternoon at Tallie's, a club he ran at 18th and 63rd in Bensonhurst, he called in the local junkie, a teenage girl named Chauncey. She was on her way to the park at 55th to score, and Gravano offered her $100 to do it with him on the barroom pool table. She thought this was fine, but then Sammy said he'd give her another $100 if she'd do his dog instead, with ten Mafiosi watching. The act was so popular, he offered *another* $100 if she'd fellate the dog, and *another* $100 if she'd let the Mafiosi "cool her off" by relieving all the beer they'd been drinking. She was in no position to refuse, but after the men had finished and were shaking dry, Sammy began swearing that she'd ruined the pool table with her "disgusting lust" and that he needed all the money back to buy a new one. When she objected, he beat her up and threw her out.

Old soldiers began to cry "freak." The Mafia was changing for the worse—in Frank Costello's day, a guy might have been busted from capo for such an act. Sammy responded by murdering *everyone*—Cowboy Mormando, a member of his crew who suddenly developed what Sammy characterized as "a serious drug problem," on January 7, 1986; Bobby DiBernardo, the Gambino porn king and Teamster contact, on June 5, 1986; Michael DeBatt, a crew member and ex–Wake Forest football star (another "drug problem"), on November 2, 1987; Liborio Milito, Gravano's business partner at Atlas Gem Steel, on March 8, 1988 (Milito had pulled out of a loan-sharking deal with Sammy and began operating with Tommy Bilotti, who was also killed, along with Paul Castellano, on December 16, 1985); Willie Boy Johnson, August 29, 1988; Tommy Spinelli, April 23, 1989; Louis DiBono, October 4, 1990....

DiBono was the last. Sammy went into hiding in Scranton and was arrested the night he came home, December 11, 1990, at the Ravenite Social Club in Manhattan, along with Gotti and Frank Locascio. He'd been unusually nervous, even telling Teddy Atlas at Gleason's not to use the word *fear* in his presence anymore, to substitute *fire* instead: "I was trying to explain that everybody is afraid, even Mike Tyson, who had himself hypnotized so he could step into the ring. But Sammy wouldn't listen. He said real tough guys 'felt nothing.' He was trying to be some idea in his head. Everyone could see that he was fooling himself."

"LOOKING BACK, IT WAS 8-TO-5 THE FAGGOT WOULD GO AGAINST US," SAYS SAL LOCASCIO, SON OF FRANK, THE GAMBINO *CONSIGLIERE* CONVICTED WITH GOTTI AFTER SAMMY SANG HIS SONG







***Clockwise*: On surveillance tape, Gravano grabs crotch with Gotti; in custody, Gravano measures up; gay thug Vito Arena**

Copyrighted material

Taxonomic Scheme for Late Human Evolution

(Species and Subspecies)

Homo genius — *Homo tolerable* — *Homo pathetic*

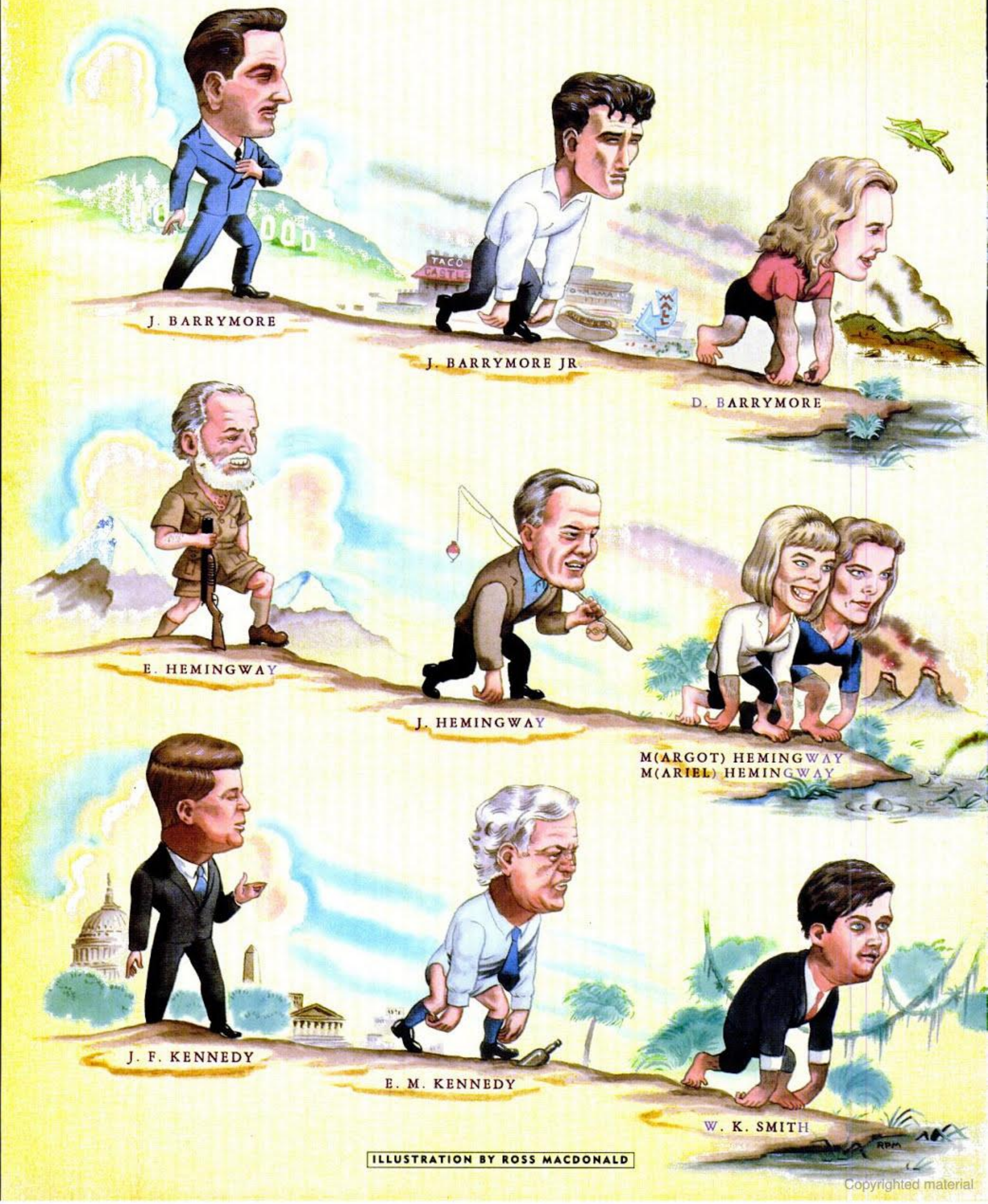


ILLUSTRATION BY ROSS MACDONALD

Copyrighted material

THE DESCENT OF MAN

HOW THE BARRYMORES, THE KENNEDYS, THE HEMINGWAYS, *MARTHA STEWART LIVING*, CAFFEINE-FREE DIET COKE AND LARRY FORTENSKY ALL PROVE THAT *HOMO SAPIENS* IS IN DECLINE

Our recent efforts to become environmentally sensitive have made us all more aware of our kinship to the other creatures with whom we inhabit this blue spinning orb called Earth. We remind ourselves that we even share distant ancestors with Frenchmen and people from Staten Island and so should treat them humanely. Of course, as far as the animal kingdom is concerned, everyone knows that its resemblance to mankind is minimal, what with man's opposable thumb and ability to wear white turtlenecks and so forth. But there is one quality unique to man that has not been adequately emphasized: In the case of every other organism, natural selection weeds out bad characteristics and improves the species from generation to generation; in man—bizarrely—each generation is *worse* than the last. Where did you think Tori Spelling came from, anyway?

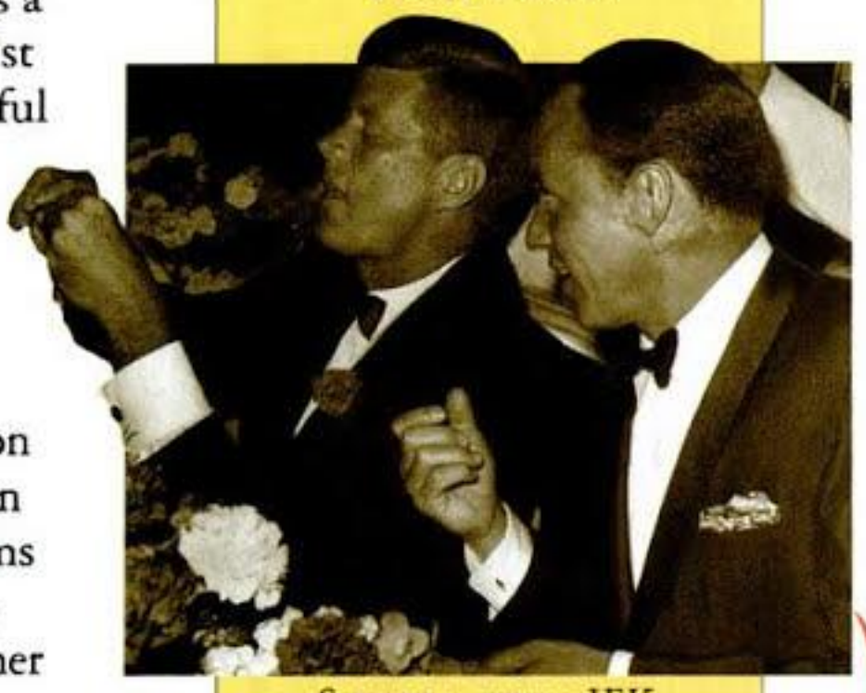
Take the Hemingway family. Ernest Hemingway revolutionized English prose with

by James Collins

Copyrighted material

fig. 1

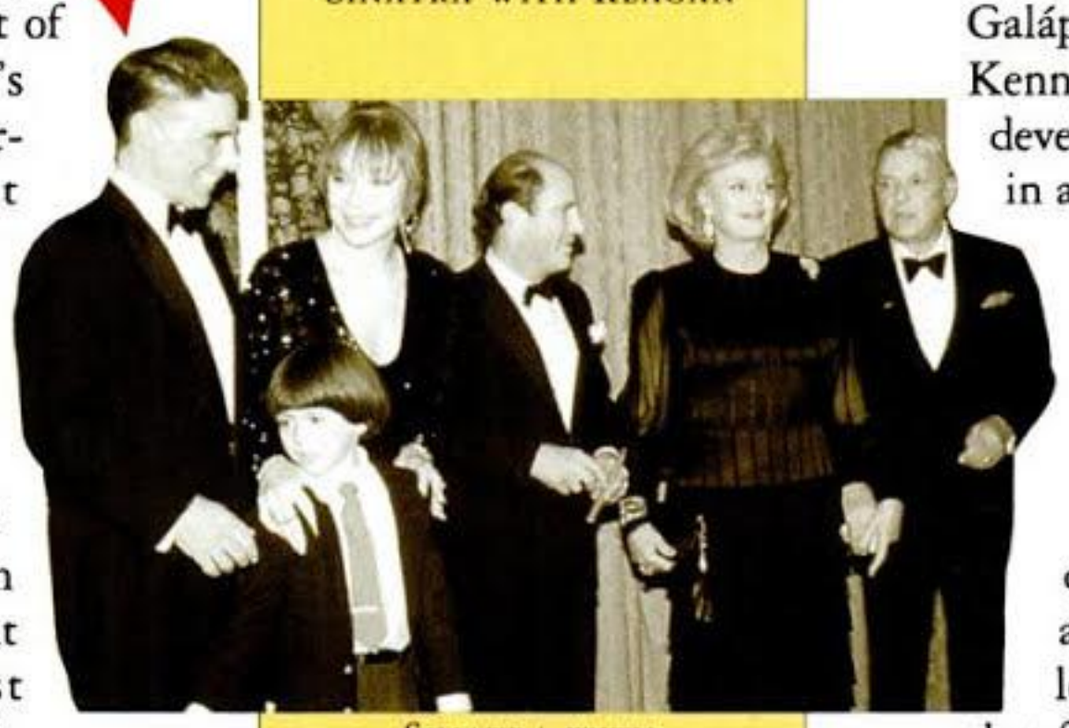
THAT'S LIFE



SINATRA WITH JFK



SINATRA WITH REAGAN



SINATRA WITH ANDY STEIN (*far left*)

his early short stories and won the Nobel Prize for Literature. He was a world figure as a novelist, journalist and sportsman. He wrote a beautiful love story in *A Farewell to Arms*. He wrote *The Old Man and the Sea*, without which we would never have heard Spencer Tracy speak in a Spanish accent for nearly two hours. Hemingway's son Jack represents a step backward on the evolutionary scale, but he seems to be a respectable fellow. He was Idaho's Fish and Game commissioner for a few years and wrote a book about fishing. Unlike his father, he has done nothing extraordinary, but he hasn't done anything shameful either. That is, he hasn't actively brought embarrassment to the family name by, say, appearing in Cindy Adams's gossip column talking about meditation. Two of Jack's daughters, Margot (the meditator) and Mariel, have done a lot to primitivize *Hemingway sapiens*. Margot has entered that twilit celebrity purgatory where publicity comes only at the cost of degraded candor about one's horrible life (she used to be Margaux, you will recall, but changed her name during her well-publicized struggle with alcoholism). Until she began co-starring in her doomed ABC series *Civil Wars* this year, the more even-keeled Mariel was perhaps best known for her 1983 breast-enlargement surgery. At this rate, Ernest Hemingway's great-great-grandchildren will have gills.

This is true as far as it goes, but it tells only half the story. Man may have undergone evolution for 2 million years, but he undergoes *de*volution as well, and until we find a granddaughter of an eminent baboon who has married Judd Nelson, or discover a rich and brilliant gorilla whose son does stand-up comedy, we will believe that the capacity to devolve belongs to man alone. Our hypothesis has profound implications, and we are immodest enough to believe that the present essay, the result of our research team's having spent several man-years reading Cindy Adams, studying old tapes of *Here's Lucy* and analyzing the recordings of Lorna Luft, is an *Origin of Species* for our own time. *Ridiculous!*, you think, *Darwin's theory was the work of an incomparable genius, whereas this idea about human degeneration is the contrivance of a New York–based satirical magazine.* Exactly.

LIKE THE CREATURES OF THE Galápagos chain, the amphibious Kennedy family has multiplied and developed—or rather, undeveloped—in an insular environment and thus contains some pretty curious life-forms. What kind of person uses his legitimate Kennedyness—as opposed to his cousin's Smithness—to pick up the quite pathetic Michele Cassone at Au Bar, as Rhode Island state legislator Patrick Kennedy did that fateful night in Palm Beach? What strange adaptation causes someone to marry Andrew Cuomo? What strange ecosystem includes a niche for Joe II?

Kennedy devolution follows a

INSTITUTIONAL DEVOLUTION

TIME INC. MAGAZINES *Time*...*People*...*Martha Stewart Living* ❖ **ROYALTY** Queen Elizabeth I...Queen Elizabeth II...Fergie ❖ **PAUL McCARTNEY** Beatles...Wings...solo act ❖ **COCA-COLA** Coke...Diet Coke...Caffeine-Free Diet Coke ❖ **WHITE HOUSE IVY LEAGUER** Teddy Roosevelt...FDR...JFK...George Bush ❖ **NEW YORK YANKEES** Babe Ruth...Reggie Jackson...Jesse Barfield ❖ **NEW YORK METS** 1986...1988...1991 ❖ **MICHAEL JACKSON** *Thriller*...*Bad*...*Dangerous* ❖ **CIVILIZATION** 18th century...19th century...20th century ❖ **CENTER OF WORLD**

Charles Darwin caused a stir 133 years ago with his thought that the biological history of man could be linked to that of other primates.

Copyrighted material

classic course. The first Joe Kennedy was an incredibly shrewd and ruthless man who made a huge fortune, bought himself vast political influence, had a long affair with Gloria Swanson and founded a dynasty. His son Jack was shrewd and ruthless, but not quite as shrewd or ruthless as Joe (he was equally amoral). His only talent with money was to spend it, and he had a long affair with Judith Exner. True, he became president of the United States, but he owed this entirely to his father—indeed, it was really his father's trophy. Let's not underestimate JFK, though; he was, of course, witty and glamorous, and he was for a little while the most powerful man in the world. John Kennedy Jr. is good-looking, and by all accounts he is a pretty nice guy. And brightish! The defendant in his first case as a New York prosecutor was charged with burglary and had been found asleep in the bed of the office he was robbing. John won the case.

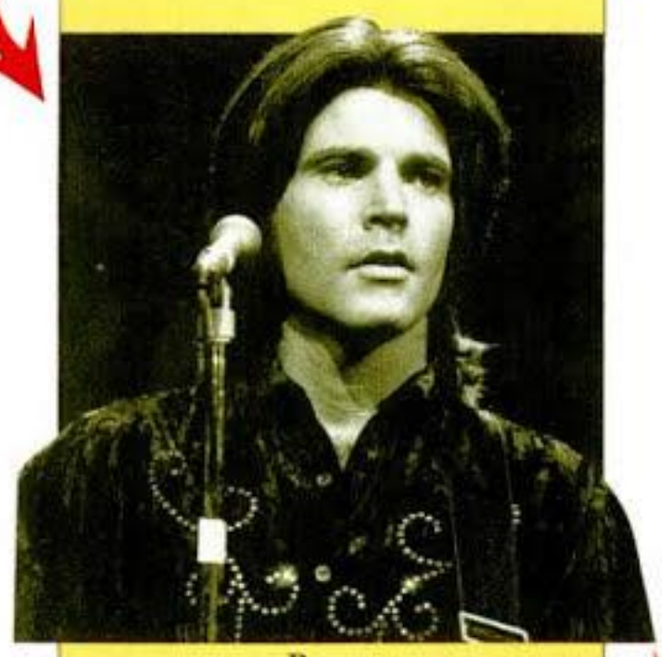
What science has found particularly fascinating about the Kennedy family, however, is that serious deterioration occurred within a single generation. Joe Kennedy's eldest son, also named Joe, was the Kennedy child originally fated to become president, but he died after volunteering for a dangerous mission in World War II. He was more robust, aggressive and heedlessly courageous than his younger brother Jack, as JFK himself said. Bobby, the next in line, was not quite Jack—less smart, cruder, uglier, only-a-senator-but-might-have-become-president. And if Bobby was not quite Jack,

fig. 2

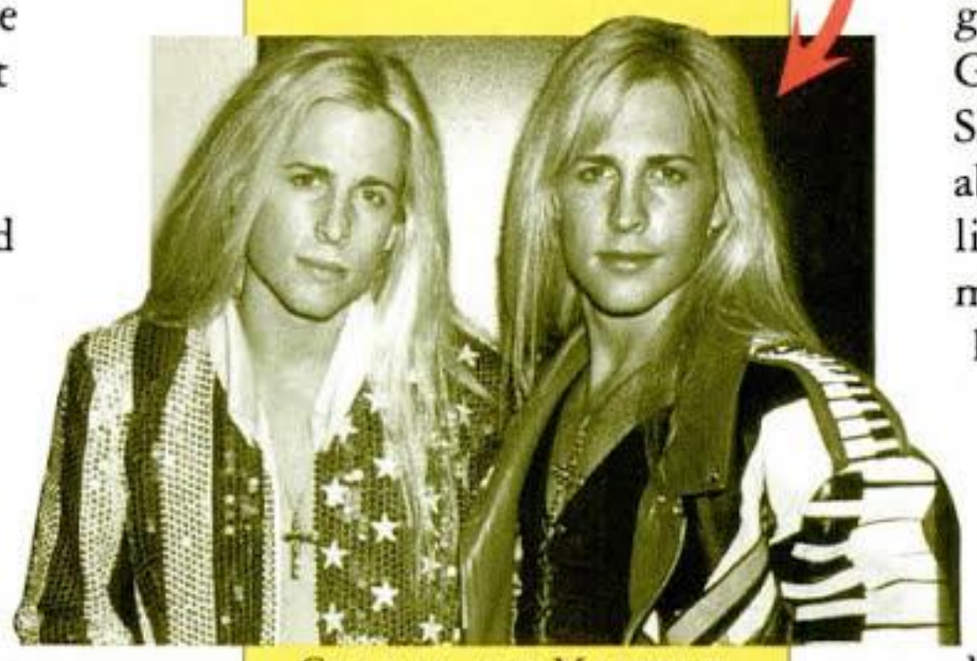
A WHITER SHADE OF PALE



OZZIE AND HARRIET



RICK



GUNNAR AND MATTHEW

then Teddy isn't anywhere near Bobby—he's boorish, dumb, responsible for an innocent person's death, and he may possibly not even be reelected senator. Survival of the fittest? Teddy is the only Kennedy male of his generation still alive. However precipitous the decline within the second generation, though, the falloff between second and third generation is manifestly more severe. With a little more body hair and slightly longer arms, Willie Smith could pass for an early hominid—or, anyway, Frank Stallone.

Think of the Barrymores—John, Ethel, Lionel, the first family of the American stage. Remember John as Garbo's lover in *Grand Hotel*? Garbo's lover—could there be any more desirable role for a male star? John Barrymore Jr. was a pretty sad two-bit actor. The Barrymore name is now being carried on by a bathetic monstrosity—John Jr.'s daughter, Drew, who recently starred in *Poison Ivy* and who chubbily almost bursts from the leather hot pants she has chosen as her signature look. Her grandfather John starred opposite Garbo; Drew stars opposite Tom Skerritt. John at least was witty about his horrible problem with liquor—once, after drinking several martinis straight off before lunch, he told the young actor with whom he was dining, *Never eat on an empty stomach*. Drew, in contrast, has subjected us to innumerable tiresome *People* stories about her boozing and drug-taking and rehabilitations. This is not progress; if nature always took this route, bats would be deaf.

If we study the fossil record, we find some very disturbing

CULTURE Athens...Paris...New York...Seattle

FROM CLASSICAL MUSIC TO BAD TV (TO EVEN WORSE TV)

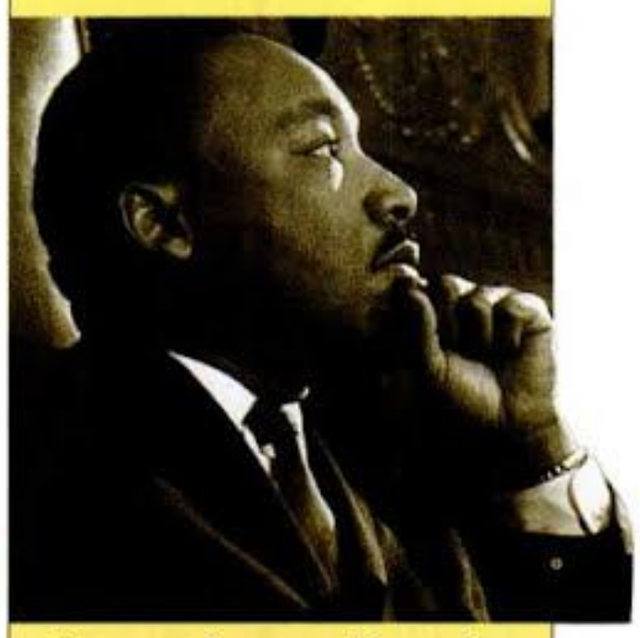
WERNER KLEMPERER, Colonel Klink on *Hogan's Heroes*: son of Otto Klemperer, world-renowned conductor ❖ **JOHN RUBINSTEIN**, Harrison Fox on *Crazy Like a Fox*: son of Arthur Rubinstein, world-renowned pianist ❖ **STEPHANIE ZIMBALIST**, Laura Holt on *Remington Steele*: daughter of Efram Zimbalist Jr., Inspector Erskine on *The FBI* and son of Efram Zimbalist, world-renowned violinist

Copyrighted material

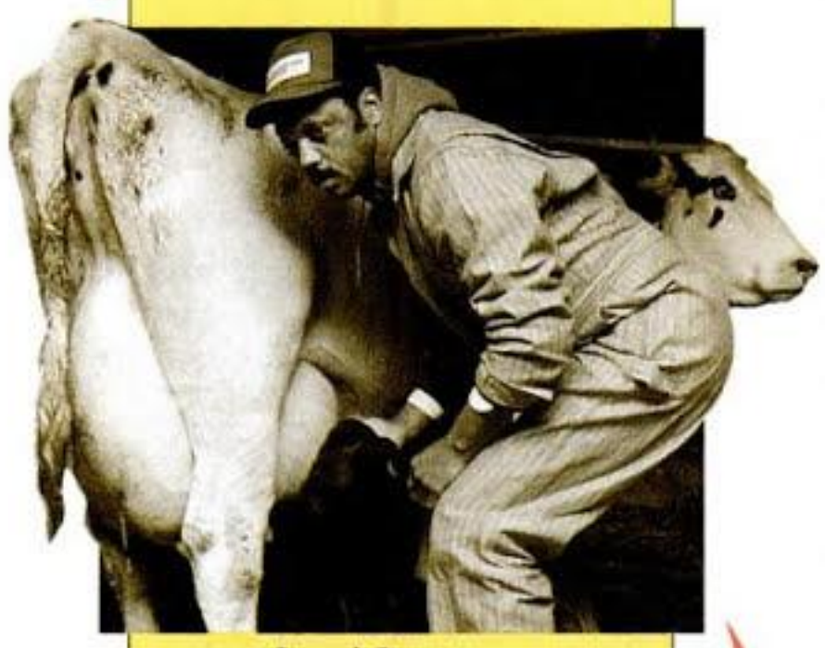
phenomena. Lucille Ball herself was something of an invertebrate, but her daughter, Lucie Arnaz, can't even get a series. Pablo Picasso was the greatest painter since Titian; his daughter designs silver jewelry in the shapes of *O*'s and *X*'s, as in hugs and kisses. Some people think Winston Churchill was the greatest Englishman since Henry V; his son, Randolph, was a notoriously unpleasant but grudgingly feared and respected journalist; Randolph's son, Winston, is an insignificant Member of Parliament. The *Glasgow Herald* hailed his recent memoir as "engaging." Norman Podhoretz is a serious and interesting and substantial right-winger; his son, John, who also writes about politics, is an unserious and uninteresting and substantial right-winger. Evelyn Waugh was a pretty great novelist; his son Auberon is a profligate column writer, not much more than an intermittently entertaining hack. All the Wyeths are bad painters, but from N.C. to Andrew to Jamie, they have just gotten worse and worse. William Shawn? A legendary editor, dedicatee of more brilliant books than any other person in history. Wallace Shawn? A very tiresome actor, bad playwright and self-appointed saint. Ozzie and Harriet Nelson are easy to make fun of, but their show ran for 14 years; Rick Nelson had some midtempo hits and then toured as an oldies act for years; his sons Gunnar and Matthew formed the band Nelson, the Dino, Desi & Billy of its day.

fig. 3

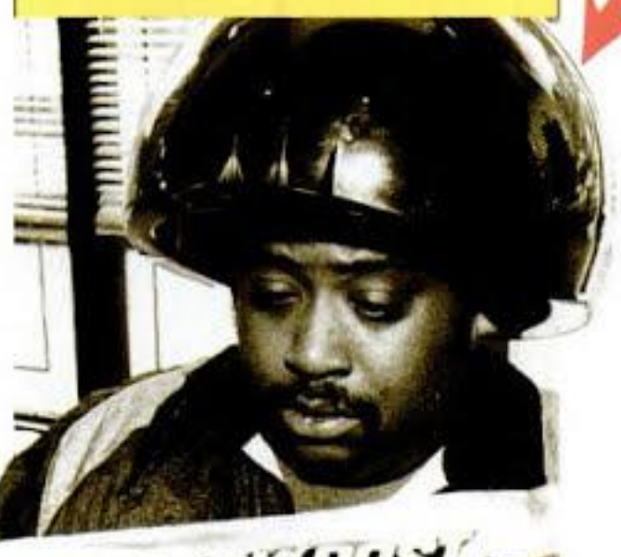
I HAVE A NIGHTMARE



MARTIN LUTHER KING JR.



JESSE JACKSON



AL SHARPTON

son Randolph A. Hearst has been a colorless but competent executive; Randolph's daughter, Patty, has led a curious life as victim-revolutionary-felon and married her bodyguard. Practically all presidential children have been disasters, from the backward Roosevelt boys to Chip Carter to the swinish Bush boys. Mike Wallace is a smart, tough interviewer; smirky Chris Wallace has a high, nasally voice and wrote a book with Nancy Reagan. Robert F. Wagner was a great senator from New York, author of the Wagner Act; his son, Robert F. Wagner, was mayor of New York City for three terms in the 1950s and '60s; third in line Robert F. Wagner Jr.—is there any twittier face outside the United Kingdom?—was recently ousted as the president of the New York City Board of Education. The DNA of another political family, the Gandhis, also seemed to fade pretty quickly: Jawaharlal Nehru was a great and charismatic statesman; his daughter, Indira Gandhi, was a tyrant, and her son Rajiv was a corrupt incompetent. Even worse, Alessandra Mussolini, Benito's granddaughter, has just won a seat in the Italian Parliament as a Fascist. To take one last example of familial devolution, what more needs to be said than "Frank Sinatra Jr."?

Generations need not be related to one another biologically, however, in order for human devolution to occur. The last few husbands of Elizabeth Taylor will illustrate this point: She married Richard Burton when he was just

THE WORST IS YET TO COME: HIGHLIGHTS OF FUTURE DEVOLUTION

FRANK SINATRA III records an album of his father's songs à la Natalie Cole, including an electronic duet. ❖ **SAGE STALLONE** has well-publicized affair with Brigitte Nielsen. ❖ **SEAN LENNON** becomes spokesman for Kobe beef. ❖ **SATCHEL ALLEN JR.** goes into gem business. ❖ **HANK WILLIAMS III** and his Orchestra play weddings. ❖ **CHASTITY BONO** records an album of her father's songs à la Natalie Cole, including an electronic duet. ❖ **CHRISTIAN BRANDO III** is godfather of violent new Tahitian mob based in L.A. ❖ **JOHN F.**

William Randolph Hearst created a newspaper-and-magazine empire and was portrayed by Orson Welles in the greatest movie ever made; his

staking his claim to being the finest actor in the English-speaking world. They divorced a few years later. Then they got married again,

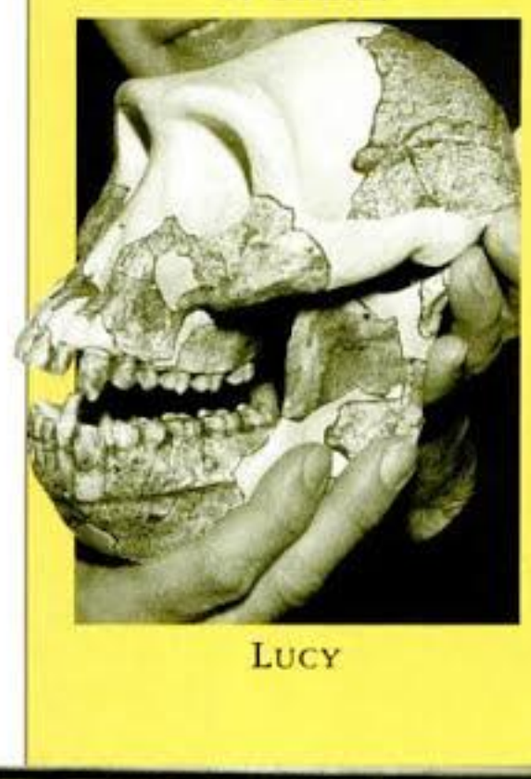
Copyrighted material

but by this time Burton had squandered his claim to being the finest actor in the English-speaking world by drinking too much and starring in made-for-TV movies like *Divorce His–Divorce Hers*. Moving down the chain of being, Liz next married now-senator John Warner, whom researchers insist they have succeeded in teaching the building blocks of language. Liz and Warner divorced, and now she is married to Larry Fortensky—who does, to be fair, have a relatively complex nervous system.

Slightly more important than Liz Taylor's husbands is the case of America's civil-rights leaders. Martin Luther King Jr. was a great and courageous man, a visionary and leader. Jesse Jackson is a deceptive, egomaniacal opportunist. Al Sharpton is a strange form of mold. Less important than either Liz Taylor's husbands or America's civil-rights leaders are America's novelists. *Huckleberry Finn* is a great first-person vernacular novel about a young man and is the book from which all subsequent American literature descends, as Ernest Hemingway said; James Joyce was among its fans. *The Catcher in the Rye* is a really very wonderful first-person vernacular novel about a young man, a minor classic. *Bright Lights, Big City* was a vernacular novel about a young man written entirely in the second person. In marine-biology terms, Mark Twain is a whale; J. D. Salinger is a beautiful brook trout; and Jay McInerney is plankton. Devolution has its cataclysm sort of like the dinosaurs all becoming extinct—Frank Sinatra has sung for three politicians: John F. Kennedy, Ronald Reagan and now, several weeks ago, Andrew Stein. The most prominent men of CBS News have been Ed Murrow, Walter Cronkite and Andy Rooney. In the sixteenth century, Michelangelo was a great sculptor, architect and painter; in the 1960s, Michelangelo Antonioni was a diverting if somewhat pretentious film director; today, Michelangelo is a pizza-eating cartoon turtle. *Sic transit gloria mundi*, as the ancients had it—so passes away the glory of the world on Monday.

fig. 4

AND GOD CREATED WOMAN



LUCY



LUCY



LUCIE

WE KNOW THAT EVOLUTION OCCURS by a process of winnowing—individuals with certain useful traits survive and pass those traits on to their offspring. What can explain devolution, however? Entropy? Mutation? The wrong agent? We must remember that it is a species's environment that either encourages or discourages particular characteristics, and that the hardiest species are not necessarily those that are the most aesthetically attractive. The California condor is very impressive, but apparently its environment is not favoring huge beautiful birds, and so it is about to become extinct. Slugs, meanwhile, are doing extremely well. Among the most successful organisms on Earth are the insects, and if human insects are flourishing, it must be because the environment is selecting for them. Andrew Stein is about to be elected mayor of New York. Willie Smith is a celebrity. Wilson Phillips's album went octuple-platinum. Andy Rooney makes millions. We actually know who Gunnar Nelson is. If a lot of things are rotten, you get a lot of flies.

KENNEDY III's offer of marriage is turned down by Athina Onassis. ❖ **KIEFER SUTHERLAND JR.** returns Sutherlands to their native Canada. ❖ **KATHLYN BENING BEATTY** signs with William Morris. ❖ **KURT HAWN-RUSSELL** attempts to assassinate the president. ❖ **DARRYL STRAWBERRY JR.** is mediocre pro bowler; annually insists he'll "put up really big numbers." ❖ **HARPER SIMON** records an album of Art Garfunkel's songs à la Natalie Cole, including an electronic duet.

CAUSE FOR HOPE

BRIDGET FONDA

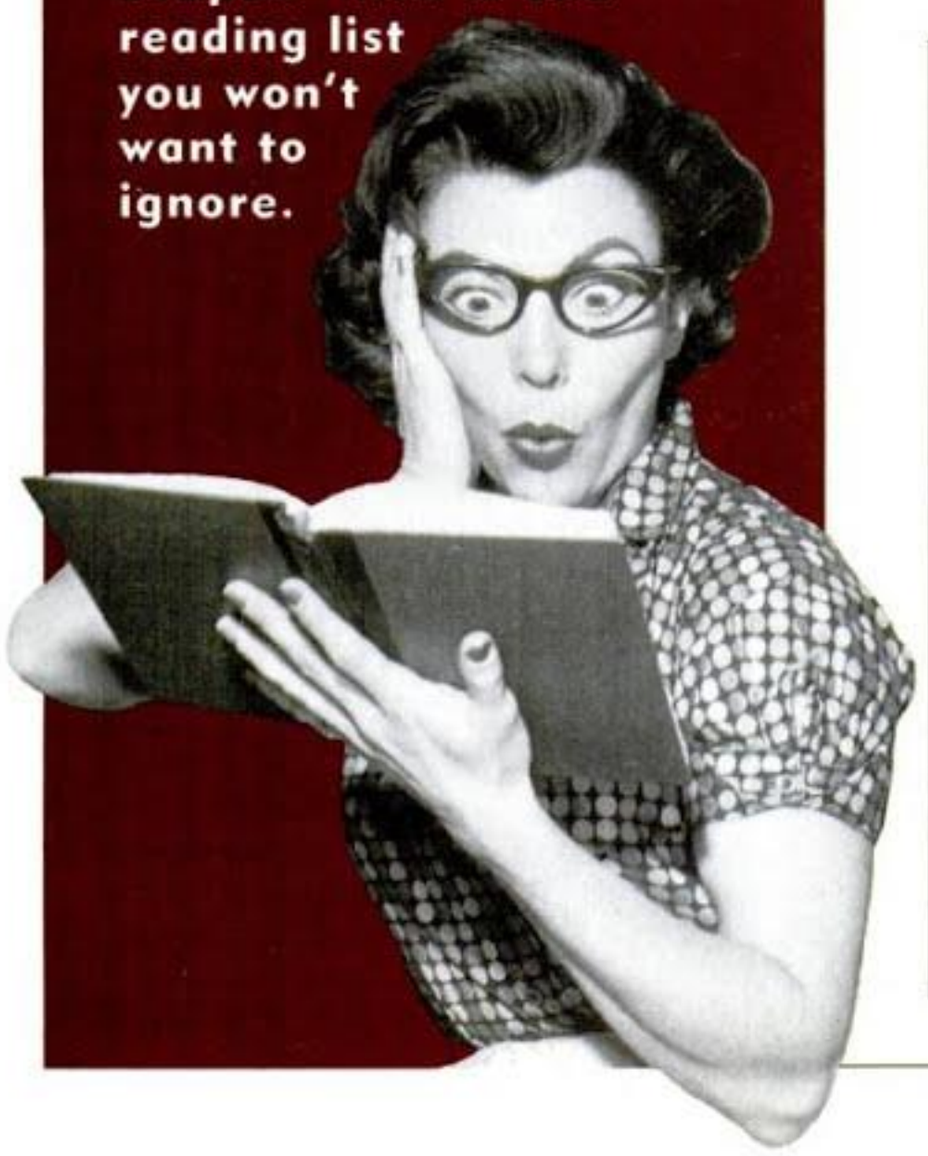
Copyrighted material

SPY

REQUIRED READING

Reading lists aren't just for the university anymore—now, there's SPY's Required Reading! More than just multi-cultural, our syllabus consists of publications that are variously intelligent, literary and earthy, politically correct and entertainingly incorrect.

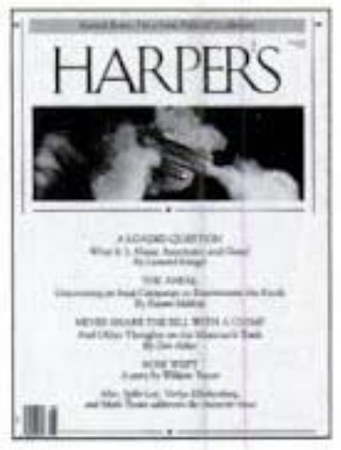
The chance to sample and subscribe to some of today's finest press is sitting in your lap. Just fill out the attached coupon—this is one reading list you won't want to ignore.





Ever dream of quit'n the job and hit'n the road? Do it now through the madcap adventures of ***MONK***. Publishing from an RV, using a solar-powered Mac, the Monks and their cat, Dolly Lama, expose weird, wonderful America in their clever and campy quarterly. Named 1991's "Hot Magazine" by *Rolling Stone*. "Kuralt meets Kerouac with Laurel and Hardy thrown in"—*Newsweek*. 1-800-GET-MONK.

1 2



Get ***HARPER'S*** Magazine and you'll get an electrifying, original combination of great writing and provocative, eye-opening information gathered from unusual sources. Award-winning essays, reporting and fiction by new and established writers. Fearless opinion from Lewis Lapham and Christopher Hitchens. Plus, the remarkable "Harper's Index," revealing the world through numbers. Subscription, $12.

3



FILM THREAT, The Other Movie Magazine. "As *Spin* is an alternative to *Rolling Stone*—so is *Film Threat* to *Premiere*"—*Detroit Free Press*. "An angry young generation X look at the movie business, loaded with attitude, anti-Hollywood, pro–independent filmmaker, heavy on texture."—*San Francisco Chronicle*. "*Film Threat* is a HOOT!"—*John Waters*. Sample copies of both *Film Threat* and *Film Threat Video Guide*, $4; *Film Threat*—six-issue subscription, $11.85; *Film Threat Video Guide*—four-issue subscription, $12.

4 5 6



Exposing the weird and Wild West, the ***NOSE*** sniffs out gossip, gambling, lies, disease, terror, psycho cults, unexplained phenomena, smut, filth, drugs, guns, civic sleaze, mindless cruelty, violence, embezzlement, dead animals and much more. "Stands out amongst the scads of hyper-hip magazines"—*San Francisco Chronicle*. "Very much like SPY, but without the swelled head."—Gannett News Service. Sample, $4; six issues, $15.

7 8



BOING-BOING MAGAZINE: Designed to demolish the gray shield of consensus reality, this brain bomb blasts you into the neuro-otherground utopia of fringe culture, cyberpunk, smart tech and high weirdness. "Covers the cyberdelic wavefront with intelligence and irreverence"—*Reflex*. "Lives up to the promise of guerilla reality engineering"—*Mondo 2000*. Sample, $3.95; four issues, $14.

9 10

The Realist

"Abbie Hoffman as Performance Artist" and "Michael Jackson as Jehovah's Witness" are featured in Paul Krassner's irreverent newsletter, plus Robert Anton Wilson's report on the Witches Convention, and the ***REALIST***'s regular roundup of bizarre news items. This issue free with a subscription. Also available: *The (Almost) Unpublished Lenny Bruce*. Sample copy, $2; subscription, $23; the *Lenny Bruce* anthology, $10.

11 12 13

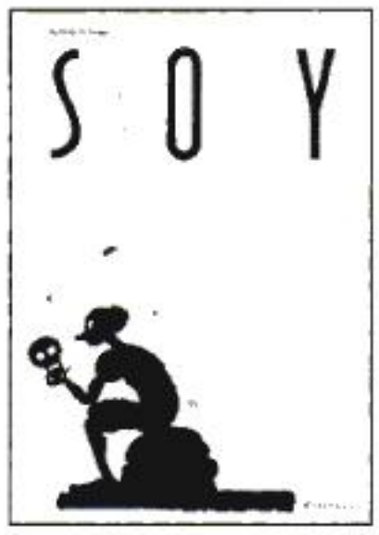
Copyrighted material



THE FUNNY TIMES

A great monthly collection of America's best cartoons, comics and funny stories. Humor, politics and fun from Dave Barry, Tom Toles, Sylvia, *Life In Hell*, Lynda Barry, Bizarro, Quigmans and many others. Sample, $2; 12 issues, $17.50.

14 15



STORY. The legendary magazine that first published Saroyan, Capote, Mailer and others is now the most widely circulated literary magazine published in America. After a 22-year hiatus, *Story* was revived in 1989 with its original mission intact: to showcase the finest short stories by America's most promising new writers. Named one of the 16 Best New Magazines of 1989 by Library Journal. Sample, $6.95. 4 issues, $19.

16 17

the village VOICE

THE VILLAGE VOICE takes its readers on a weekly insider's tour of the most exciting environment in the Western world, New York City. Not only is the *Voice* the definitive guide to every cultural event in the city, it is the opinionated, outspoken, often outrageous journal of the life, the politics and the passion of New York. Sample, $2. Subscription, $47.95 (one year, U.S.) by calling 800-336-0686.

18 19



LIBIDO has been labeled everything from "a journal for highbrows who still have animal urges" to a "low-zoot, high-style literary magazine that peaks beneath our Freudian slips." *Playboy* calls it "our favorite source of contemporary erotica...a turn-on for both men and women, or at least English majors of both sexes." Its publishers, who know where *id*'s at, call *Libido* a literary answer to the horizontal urge. Sample, $7; subscription, $26. Eighty pages.

20 21



Stop taking life so seriously! ***COMIC RELIEF*** has the best in cutting-edge humor including *This Month In Cartoons*, a roundup of national and international news in editorial cartoons. Also, Dave Barry, Stephanie Brush, Joe Bob Briggs, Duck's Breath, Lynda Barry, *Life In Hell*, *Washingtoon*, *Sylvia*, *This Modern World*, *President Bill* and lots more! Sample copy, $3; 12 issues, $24.75.

22 23



MOTHER JONES delivers exclusive investigative reports and a fresh, thought-provoking perspective on current events and controversies. Award-winning reporting on the environment, the media, corporate and government power, individual liberties and national political choices. Nominated for the 1991 National Magazine Award for Reporting. "Finalist—Best Publication over 50,000 Circulation"—Alternative Press Awards. "Nation's Best Magazine for Investigative Reporting"—*Washington Journalism Review*. 6 bimonthly issues, $12, or $2 for sample copy.

24 25



Does the thought of "President Quayle" make your heart fibrillate? Keep a Watchful Eye on the Man Who Could Be President by reading the ***QUAYLE QUARTERLY***. Political analysis, humor, quotes, cartoons and the best of the press, letters and more. Sample copy, $3.95; subscription (4 issues), $14.95.

26 27

SPY REQUIRED READING ORDER FORM

Circle the items you wish to receive, fill out this form, and send it, along with a check payable to SPY, to SPY REQUIRED READING, P.O. Box 5007, Pittsfield, MA 01203-5007.

Total cost of items ordered: $ _____
Plus $1.50 handling fee: $ 1.50
Total enclosed: $ _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

Offer good through August 31, 1992

1.	*Monk*—Sample copy	$2.95
2.	*Monk*—Subscription	$10.00
3.	*Harper's*—Subscription	$12.00
4.	*Film Threat* & Video Guide	$4.00
5.	*Film Threat*—Subscription	$11.85
6.	*FT Video Guide—Subscription*	$12.00
7.	*Nose*—Sample copy	$4.00
8.	*Nose*—Subscription	$15.00
9.	*bOING bOING*—Sample copy	$3.95
10.	*bOING bOING*— Subscription	$14.00
11.	*Realist*—Sample copy	$2.00
12.	*Realist*—Subscription	$23.00
13.	*The Unpublished Lenny Bruce*	$10.00
14.	*The Funny Times*—Sample copy	$2.00
15.	*The Funny Times*—Subscription	$17.50
16.	*Story*—Sample copy	$6.95
17.	*Story*—Subscription	$19.00
18.	*The Village Voice*—Sample copy	$2.00
19.	*The Village Voice*—Subscription	$47.95
20.	*Libido*—Sample	$7.00
21.	*Libido*—Subscription	$26.00
22.	*Comic Relief*—Sample copy	$3.00
23.	*Comic Relief*—Subscription	$24.75
24.	*Mother Jones*—Sample copy	$2.00
25.	*Mother Jones*—Subscription	$12.00
26.	*Quayle Quarterly*—Sample copy	$3.95
27.	*Quayle Quarterly*—Subscription	$14.95

Copyrighted material

THE CONFESSIONS OF A ROGUE WASHINGTON JOURNALIST WHO TOLD VERY BIG LIES ABOUT JIMMY CARTER, PENTAGON PSYCHICS, THE CIA AND MU'AMMAR QADDAFI

Beyond Belief

First Amendment enthusiasts often cite the famous words of Thomas Jefferson, "If it were left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers, or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter." Jefferson offered that opinion in the early days of the republic. After 20 years of American journalism, his position evolved: "Nothing can now be believed which is seen in a newspaper."

• • •

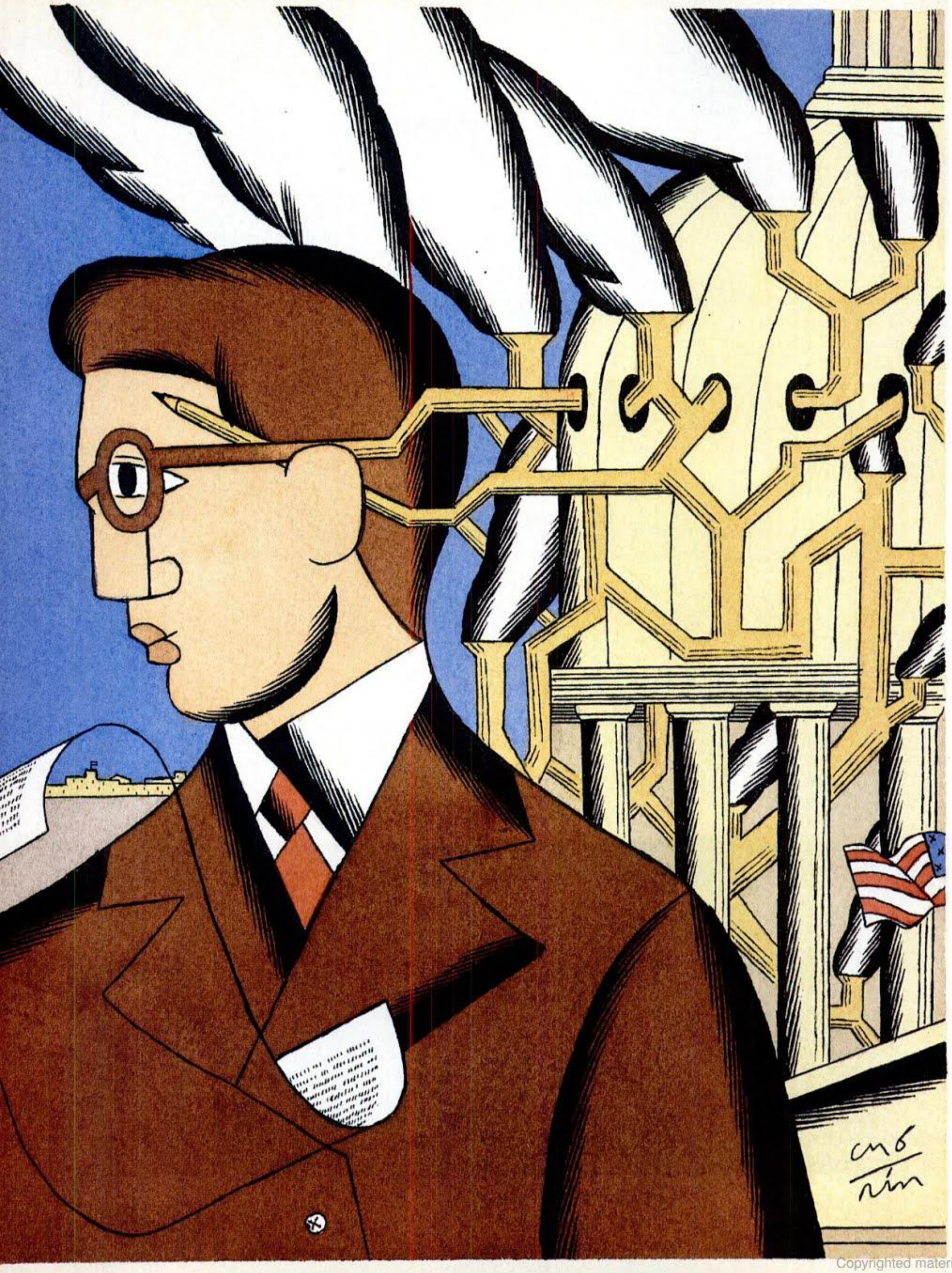
The phone was ringing, and I answered. I often did not pick up the phone when I was in the throes of one of my depressions, but after three months of being in this deep funk, during which I spent days at a time hiding in a closet, I was feeling better. Moreover, I suspected that the caller was my boss, the Pulitzer Prize–winning syndicated columnist Jack Anderson. Anderson was not the strictest boss in the world, and would tolerate long absences if there was some payoff at the end. Unfortunately, I did not have any payoff to justify this absence; but I did want to keep my job, so I took the call.

"Ron," he said excitedly, "Carter plans to invade Iran!" He told me that his top associate, Dale Van Atta, had developed a five-part series that would show

by Ron McRae

ILLUSTRATION BY BRIAN CRONIN

Copyrighted material


Copyrighted material

that Carter planned to invade Iran to free the hostages just before the presidential election. And though the story had been fully reported, and though Anderson said Van Atta had seen documents verifying the plan, he asked me to check with my sources to see if they could confirm the information.

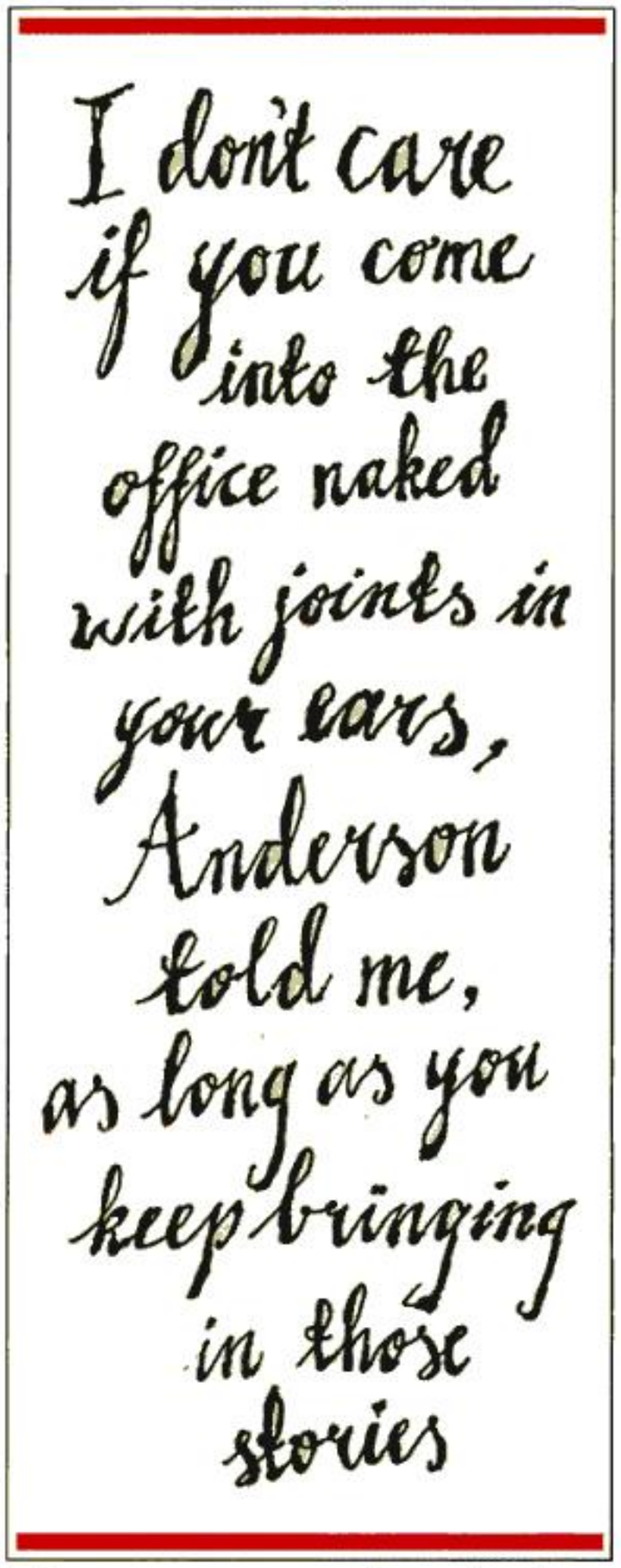
And so I checked. Regrettably, nobody I talked to knew anything about it. Still, I felt a certain pressure to come through for Anderson, who I knew wanted this story intensely. And so I did a bad thing. A very bad thing. Suffering from depression, anxious about my job, and participating in a system in which journalists regularly print material taken from informed sources without any knowledge of whether the sources are telling the truth or not, I did a horrible thing: I told Anderson that my sources had confirmed the story. In fact, I told him that Carter had set up three "control points," that is, dates and times at which invasion plans would be either scrapped or allowed to proceed, and that the first of these had already passed. And that, despite vehement denials by the White House, is what Anderson asserted in August 1980.

Naturally, I felt terrible that I had broken this journalistic rule. But not that terrible. I had become convinced that many journalists lied, and that many journalists who didn't lie weren't very scrupulous about confirming the truth of what their sources told them. (Not everybody is guilty: *The Washington Post*, for example, refused to run these Carter invasion stories because they couldn't independently verify them.) What really horrified me was that even while Anderson was being his usual thorough self, his other sources—actual, authoritative people—were blithely confirming my tale of the control points as true.

Of course, it's not surprising that they did so. Among Van Atta and Anderson's most important sources was The Madison Group, a group of conservative Senate aides, who got their information from moles within the government—including a member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and a member of the National Security Council—who wanted Carter out. Another of Anderson's sources was Ed Meese, Reagan's longtime confidant, who had shown Van Atta documents proving the existence of firm invasion plans (these were likely just contingency plans Secretary of State Edmund Muskie had said were drawn up). Meese promised to turn over the documents once the hostages were released.

After the inauguration, Meese reneged on his promise. Anderson wrote Meese, threatening to reveal him as a source unless he forked over the documents. (Anderson, by the way, has a thing for secret documents: There was a wallful in the office. It struck me as somewhat alarming that the Pentagon's schedule for satellite coverage of Soviet missile sites, for example, was sitting in an unsecured office a few blocks from the Soviet embassy.)

Finally Anderson and Meese compromised. Anderson got an exclusive interview with President Reagan, with which he launched his new television show, *Jack Anderson Confidential*. Also, he and Van Atta were granted ongoing access to William Casey; Van Atta got to meet the CIA director regularly at a hideaway office on F Street. It was a matter of some amusement that in order to go to the meetings, Van Atta often had to pass the FBI agents who parked outside Anderson's office in order to monitor who might be leaking to Anderson.

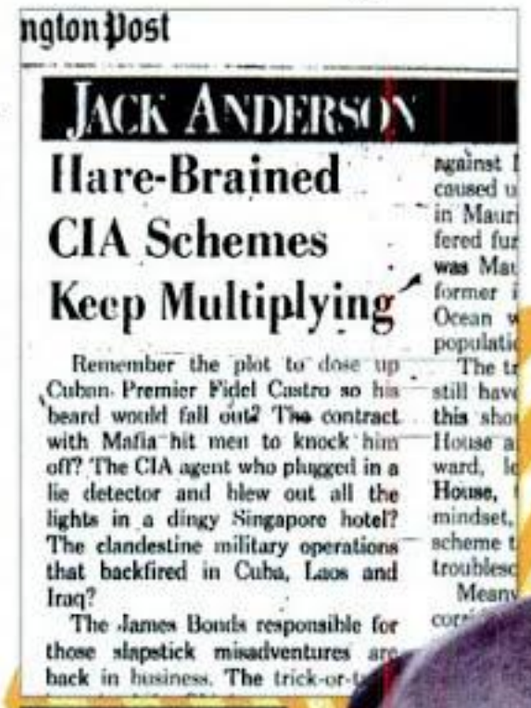


I FIRST MET JACK ANDERSON IN 1977, shortly after I left the Navy. I had been the legal officer of a training center in San Diego, where it fell to me to investigate reports of the abuse of recruits. My findings did not sit well with my superiors, and so after my discharge I took them to Congress, where they were exposed. In the end, Anderson wrote some stories about the abuses, and *The CBS Evening News* and other news organizations covered them as well. When my next job also brought me into contact with Anderson—I went to work as a weapons analyst at Northrop Services, where I found that the company was engaged in elaborate make-work projects, news that I leaked to one of Anderson's associates—it struck me that perhaps I could work for Anderson. He gave me a tryout; as it turned out, I had exceptionally good sources. Over the next few months, I worked on many major stories for Anderson, several of them about national security adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski. I remember being surprised at how little verification was required before the information supplied by an "informed source" would appear in the newspaper. As I learned, the adjective

Copyrighted material

informed, as used by journalists then and now, does not necessarily imply "honest" or "unbiased." Indeed, an informed source may well be a notorious liar with a direct interest in the story. Reportedly one of the unnamed sources for the *New York Times* story years ago in which Hamilton Jordan was accused of snorting cocaine at Studio 54 was Roy Cohn, who was then representing one of the owners of Studio 54 who had been indicted by the Carter Justice Department for tax fraud.

After several months, Anderson put me on the payroll. And soon thereafter, frankly, I went off the deep end. I had always been prone to eccentric behavior and depression. Often I would show up for work "disheveled and unwashed" (these are the words of a *friend*); I would fail to show up for days or weeks at a time. This does not mean all of my work was tainted; in general, my reporting was accurate. In 1982, the *Columbia Journalism Review*, in an article citing Anderson and Van Atta as well as columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak as journalists often fooled by disinformation, cited me for displaying "a commendably objective attitude."


ngton Post

JACK ANDERSON

Hare-Brained CIA Schemes Keep Multiplying

Remember the plot to dose up Cuban Premier Fidel Castro so his beard would fall out? The contract with Mafia hit men to knock him off? The CIA agent who plugged in a lie detector and blew out all the lights in a dingy Singapore hotel? The clandestine military operations that backfired in Cuba, Laos and Iraq?

The James Bonds responsible for those slapstick misadventures are back in business. The trick-or-

AUGUST 25, 1981




ington Post

JACK ANDERSON

CIA Renegade, U.S. Officials Meet in Rome

A bizarre rendezvous occurred in Rome last July. The top U.S. intelligence official there met with a renegade ex-CIA agent to discuss the possible assassination of Libyan dictator Muammar Qaddafi.

The former spy was Edwin Wilson, a fugitive from American justice. He jumped bail one year ago after being indicted on charges of illegally furnishing explosives to Libya and conspiring to kill a Qaddafi political rival. He sought refuge in Tripoli, and has been living there

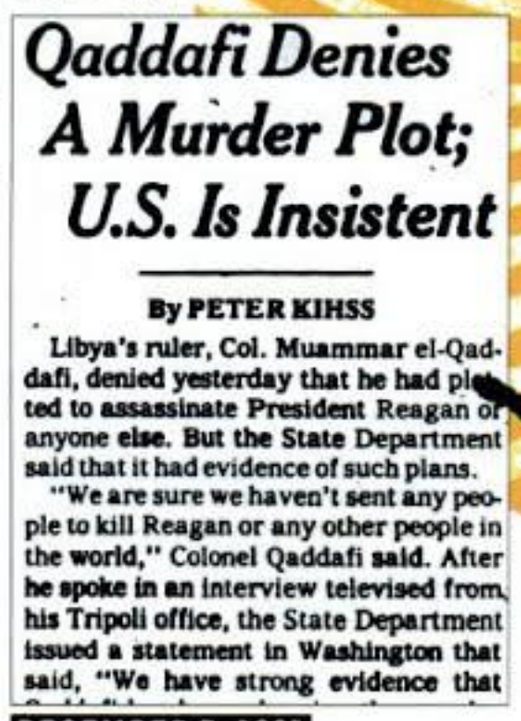
the cooperation of Wilson or one of his mercenaries in an assassination plot against Qaddafi, three intelligence sources told my associates Dale Van Atta and Ron McRae. One reliable source said the pe-

three days.

Meanwhile, CIA officials had been hatching a typically bizarre plan to eliminate Qaddafi. Their chosen instrument was a lethal poison that was to be injected into the desert dictator by means of a tiny dart disguised as one of the black flies that infest Libya.

The two agencies' hopes of using —

SEPTEMBER 28, 1981


Qaddafi Denies A Murder Plot; U.S. Is Insistent

By PETER KIHSS

Libya's ruler, Col. Muammar el-Qaddafi, denied yesterday that he had plotted to assassinate President Reagan or anyone else. But the State Department said that it had evidence of such plans.

"We are sure we haven't sent any people to kill Reagan or any other people in the world," Colonel Qaddafi said. After he spoke in an interview televised from his Tripoli office, the State Department issued a statement in Washington that said, "We have strong evidence that

DECEMBER 7, 1981


Natalie's last wish

NEW YORK POST FINAL

LIBYAN HIT TEAM IN U.S.

- Reagan and top aides stalked
- Ron orders beefed-up security
- U.S. envoy target in Mideast

LATEST • LATEST • LATEST • LATEST

DECEMBER 4, 1981

***One thing—whoops!—followed another*: Ron McRae (*center*), the Qaddafi "black flies" column (*top left*), and some of the subsequent coverage**

In 1980, I went to the Middle East and filed extensive reports on Major Saad Haddad, the commander of an Israeli-armed-and-financed Lebanese Christian militia that still controls a six-mile enclave in southern Lebanon. Haddad was a brutal killer, but I found that in the face of Israeli denials, I could not get my stories about him published even though they had been confirmed on the record by the U.S. ambassador to Lebanon. I became extremely frustrated that these manifestly true stories about things I had witnessed could not get printed.

I came home and fell into a profound depression, at the end of which came Anderson's call about Carter's supposed invasion plans.

OVER THE NEXT YEAR MY CYNICISM DEEPENED, AS DID my depressions. Still, my behavior did not seem to bother Anderson, who once said to me, *I don't care if you come into the office naked with joints in your ears, as long as you keep on bringing in those stories.* In December 1980, I made a bar bet with a friend: He maintained that there were limits to what people would swallow. I didn't think so. We bet $10, and I waited for the right opportunity to test the limits.

Later in the month, I learned that the Department of Defense was funding some research into possible military applications of parapsychology. Naturally, the Pentagon was acutely sensitive to the potential for embarrassment. A $100,000 CIA study on Soviet experiments with ESP never mentioned the word *psychic*, using instead the pseudotechnical circumlocution "novel biological information transfer systems." A Navy contract with the Stanford Research Institute purported to investigate "the ability of certain individuals to perceive faint electromagnetic stimuli at a noncognitive level of awareness." These certain individuals were professional psychics. Sensing an unprecedented opportunity to win my bar bet, I invented my own psychic-research projects, and Anderson, convinced that I had remarkable sources in the Pentagon, wrote about these projects in the column. In January 1981, he printed my tale of a "psychic task force" that was working to "perfect psychotechtronic weapons that will work through extrasensory perception—like long-distance telepathic hypnosis to enslave enemy leaders." A month later, Anderson described the "hyperspatial howitzer, which supposedly could transmit a nuclear explosion in the Nevada desert to the gates of the Kremlin with the speed of thought."

Copyrighted material

The Defense Department's response to these stories was typically inept. Instead of admitting that yes, a little money had been spent on psychic research but none on ridiculous projects like those mentioned, and then challenging me to prove their existence, Pentagon spokesmen stated unequivocally that "not a nickel" had been spent on psychic research. This made it very easy to make them look foolish. I promptly produced the genuine "novel biological information transfer systems" and "certain individuals" contracts, and credibility was no longer my problem.

These stories played on for years. *Discover* magazine asked me for more data; for them, I fabricated another psychic weapon— "SADDOR, the satellite-deployed dowsing rod." This was supposedly an ordinary Y-shaped stick that had been sent into space, through which psychics were able to hunt for enemy missiles and submarines. Like Anderson, *Discover* asked for but got not a scrap of evidence that this program actually existed. Later, the London tabloid *The Sun* reported that "one of the top men behind the [U.S.] scheme [for psychic warfare] is now in Britain. He is reported to be consulting top British psychics and spiritualists...apparently to urge them to use their powers against the Kremlin." British psychics and spiritualists eager to volunteer for the psychic war against the Kremlin lined up outside the office of the bewildered U.S. military attaché.



Was he brainwashed? **After McRae's psychic-warfare fabrications, the normally reliable Jack Anderson (*center*) said he "was one of the best investigators in the business"**

In 1984, St. Martin's Press published a book I wrote on psychic research, called *Mind Wars*. In the introduction, Anderson called me "one of the best investigators in the business." The book was generally accurate, apart from the sections on SADDOR and a few other items. In the course of researching the book, I was told by a White House aide that Ronald Reagan consulted a psychic to set his schedule. I never even considered publishing the story: I didn't believe it, but more to the point, I didn't think anyone else would, either.

AFTER I WON THAT BET, I PROMISED MY FRIEND WE'D go double-or-nothing at some point. His chance came eight months later, when *Newsweek* reported that the government had developed a plan to overthrow Mu'ammar Qaddafi, and thereby set off an extraordinary farce involving untruths and deceptions completely unrelated to me. The proposed CIA operation, according to *Newsweek*, was a large-scale, expensive scheme to oust Qaddafi. According to *Newsweek*, "The CIA's goal, sources said, was [Qaddafi's] 'ultimate removal from power.'" *Newsweek* reported that members of the House Intelligence Committee who'd reviewed the plan had assumed that that meant Qaddafi's assassination.

In fact, this was not the case. The CIA had proposed only to provide covert support to the former Chadian defense minister who was leading a revolt against the Libyan occupation forces in Chad. But members of the Intelligence Committee worried that the operation might be redirected against Libya, and Qaddafi personally. The House Foreign Affairs Committee sent a letter of warning to Reagan that the scheme must not mutate into a Libyan invasion.

The White House usually neither confirms nor denies press reports of intelligence operations, but it was widely known that the committee had in fact sent a letter protesting some operation, and so White House advisers decided to play a bluff. They claimed that the committee was protesting an operation to give financial aid to Mauritius, a small island off east Africa. True enough, the State Department did want to help Mauritius. However, the aides who leaked the story confused Mauritius with Mauritania, a pro-Western Muslim nation in North Africa, and also forgot to make the important point that the operation was intended to *support* rather than overthrow the government. A simple attempt at misdirection (that the U.S. was aiding Mauritius) had been unwittingly distorted into a dangerous, irrelevant falsehood (that the U.S. was destabilizing Mauritania).

Copyrighted material

Of course, this blunder convinced nearly everyone that foul play was afoot. *The Christian Science Monitor* duly reported that the CIA planned to overthrow the government of Mauritania, and that skepticism over the plan "explains why Congress is so deeply concerned about the judgment of William J. Casey." Mauritania lodged a formal protest.

Naturally, with all this practically baseless excitement going on, Anderson wanted an exclusive. No problem: I was always prepared to write a story that was *absolutely* exclusive, and making up details of the CIA assassination plans seemed to fit the bill. My friend was willing to renew our bet, as long as the assassination plot was sufficiently absurd. And so on August 25, 1981, on the basis of my spurious reporting, Anderson declared that the CIA was considering slipping an assassin into Libya to do away with Qaddafi:

> One scheme would have the hit man pose as a mercenary and join a ring of mercenaries in [Qaddafi's] employ. The secret killer, according to one CIA scenario, would carry a deadly poison that would have a delayed effect. Then the unfortunate [Qaddafi] would come down with a fever that could not be distinguished from various viral diseases....
>
> CIA sources have given my associate Ron McRae a complete description of this unpleasant potion, a common derivative that can be duplicated in almost any chemical lab. Journalistic responsibility forbids me, therefore, from publishing further details.
>
> To administer the poison, the conspirators at the CIA have considered using a tiny dart disguised as one of the black flies that infest the Libyan desert....
>
> There is one bugaboo that troubles the more thoughtful strategists. Assassination is a game that anyone can play, and the tempestuous [Qaddafi] has his own killer squads that might ambush President Reagan in retaliation.

After the story ran, Dale Van Atta's sources in the CIA not only confirmed the black-flies scheme but named the assassin: Edwin Wilson, an ex–CIA agent then under indictment for smuggling explosives to Libya. The difference between my reporting and that of most other reporters, I concluded, was that I published firsthand fabrications, while the ones they published were secondhand.

Van Atta's source claimed that the U.S. Attorney prosecuting Wilson, E. Lawrence Barcella, had met with Wilson and a CIA agent in Rome to plot the Qaddafi assassination. This was not true. Perhaps the CIA men were lying in pursuit of their own agenda: Wilson's return to the U.S. to stand trial would have jeopardized their positions, and they may have wanted him dead. In *Manhunt*, his book about Wilson, Peter Maas recounted what happened when Van Atta called the federal prosecutor to ask about the reports: "Barcella became livid. Any meeting with the CIA station chief was 'absolutely, utterly false,' he said. 'You could get Wilson killed, and I don't want a dead defendant.'"

The difference between my reporting and that of other reporters was that I published firsthand fabrications, while the ones they published were secondhand

By this point, I was getting nervous: My irresponsible prank was provoking an international incident, although I didn't have the courage to confess then that I had made the whole thing up. I raised some misgivings with Anderson and Van Atta, including the possibility that the column would get Wilson killed; "Gooood!," Anderson joked. The column that ran did not carry Barcella's denial, but had him refusing to comment on questions about CIA involvment.

According to Maas, after that column ran, Libyan security troops stormed into Wilson's place swatting every black fly in sight. Wilson "was hauled off to be interrogated by [Libyan intelligence officers] Major Hajazzi and Captain Senussi. 'I thought they were going to put me against the wall,' he told [an associate]. But he talked his way out of it."

Wilson eventually was shanghaied to the U.S. and arrested. From his cell in Manhattan, he plotted to murder Barcella. He arranged to give $50,000 to a fellow inmate, a professional killer named William Arico, who, with two accomplices, was planning an escape. Arico managed to get out by sliding down tied-together bed sheets. Unfortunately, one of his comrades, an obese drug dealer, fell and squashed him dead just outside the prison.

Surprisingly, the last line of the "black flies" column—a throwaway mention of Qaddafi's "killer squads"—proved to have legs. Throughout the fall, the Iranian arms dealer Manucher Ghorbanifar kept the story alive with reports to the CIA that Libyan hit squads were on the loose. On December 4, *The New*

Copyrighted material

York Times, citing "top Federal law-enforcement officials," ran the following story:

> The Government has received detailed reports that five terrorists trained in Libya entered the United States last weekend with plans to assassinate President Reagan....
>
> The reports, which officials declined to discuss in detail, have prompted a huge nationwide search for the potential assassins and Americans to whom they might turn for assistance....
>
> Agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the Secret Service have been deployed around the country in recent days to question Americans who have past links with Libya, including... Green Berets, who have worked there training terrorists in an operation organized by a former intelligence agent, Edwin P. Wilson.

More confusion ensued. The size of the alleged hit squad changed continually, depending on the newspaper and, presumably, on the reporter's sources in the government. The smallest squad, as reported in the *Times*, had five members. *The Washington Post* reported ten, divided into two five-man units. The Associated Press reported two squads totaling 11 members. Anderson mistakenly reported that two anti-Qaddafi Lebanese leaders were involved. *Time* put the story on its cover. The U.S. Customs Service released artists' renditions of five of the killers. Nancy Reagan was forbidden to go Christmas shopping.

On December 6, in an interview on *This Week With David Brinkley*, Qaddafi denied dispatching assassins. "It is not our character, not our behavior, to assassinate any person," he said. "It is the behavior of America, preparing to assassinate me, to poison my food. They tried many things to do this."

"Are you sure?" Brinkley asked incredulously. "Yes, I am sure," said Qaddafi. "You are silly people. This is silly, this administration, and this president [are silly]....And you will see, Reagan is a liar." The product of my imagination was commanding the attention of the nation and now the world.

Just before Christmas, the administration announced that the Libyan hit teams had "suspended operations." The administration revealed no evidence of Qaddafi's alleged retreat, and had not, according to *The Washington Post*, fathomed Qaddafi's reasoning. "However, high-level sources continued to insist that the assassination threat was real," the *Post* reported.

In fact, as Bob Woodward wrote in *Veil*, other high-level sources in the State Department and the CIA were at the same time discounting the reports and attributing the tales to misinformation feeding off itself. These findings, unfortunately, never reached Ronald Reagan, who later, in an interview with Dan Rather, still insisted that "we had our facts straight" about the Libyan hit squads.

IN THE SPRING OF 1982, after a few more fabrications, I left Anderson's employ to write *Mind Wars*. By that point, both my personal relationship with Anderson and my mental state had deteriorated to the extent that I probably would have been fired if I had not resigned. By mid-1984, shortly after the publication of my book, I was totally disabled.

At one time or another during the next few years, I was homeless; I ate out of garbage cans; I attempted suicide; and, for six months in 1987, I was an inmate in a rural Virginia jail. But eventually I recovered my sanity and stability. I am once again a journalist, reporting on matters of banking and finance, and I never quote an anonymous source.

JACK ANDERSON REPLIES

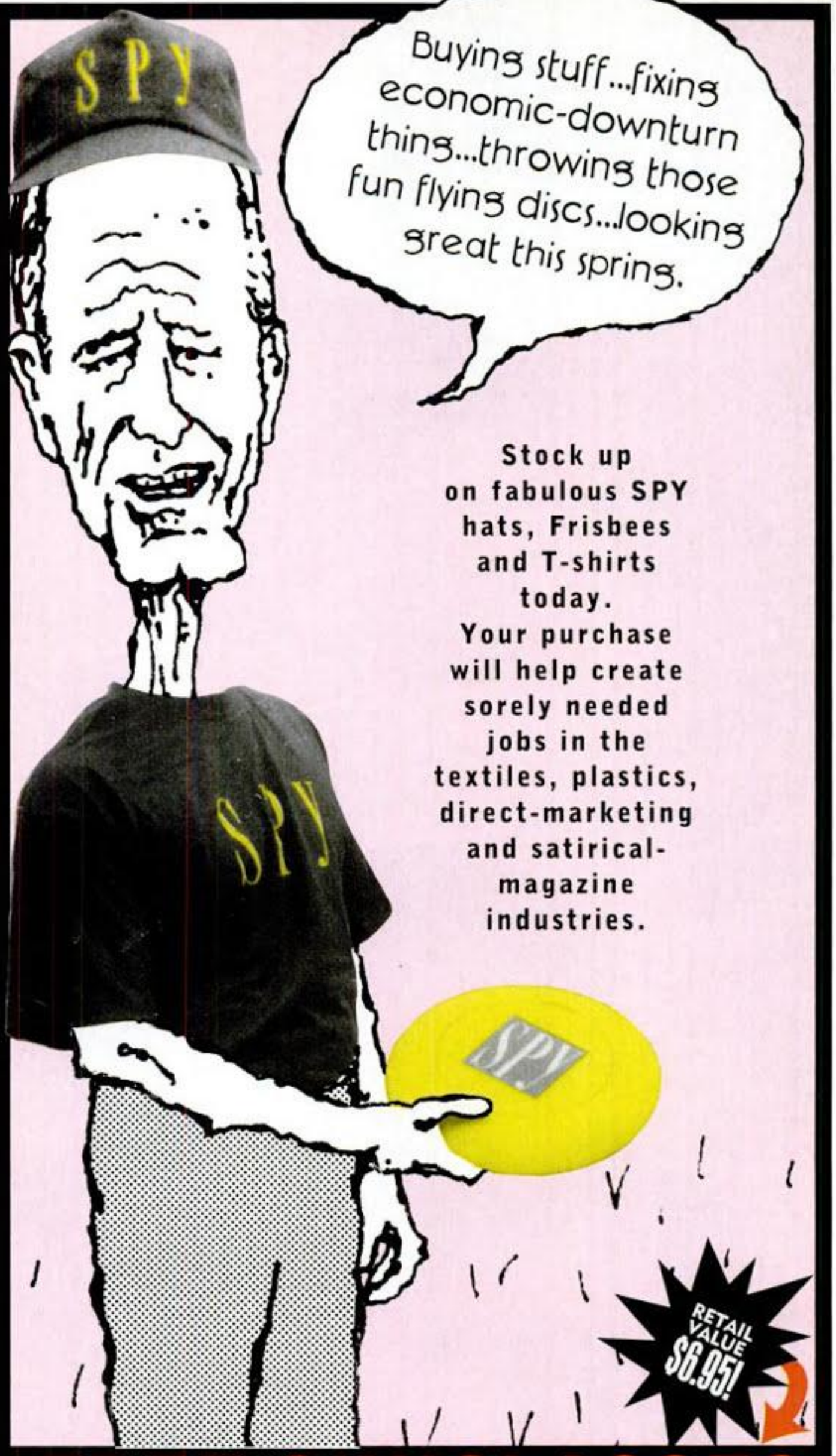
In our efforts to confirm the truth of Ron McRae's allegations, we spoke to half a dozen of Anderson's other former associates. All of them respect Anderson as a careful and responsible journalist. Most of them did not work for Anderson when McRae did, though they knew him, or of him. One former associate, the one whose tenure most overlapped with McRae's, found McRae's stories of fooling Anderson entirely plausible. He said that because Anderson was so enamored of McRae's sources, McRae's stories were held to less rigorous standards of accuracy than were those filed by Anderson's other reporters.

We called Jack Anderson and asked him to comment on McRae's charges and, if possible, refute them. "He's a disgruntled former employee," Anderson said. "He was fired. He left owing me thousands of dollars. He later was arrested. He sought my help with the parole board, or whoever it was. And I turned him down."

We tried to ask Anderson about McRae's particular stories. "I don't see any point in that," he replied. "I can't remember the specifics. It's been so damn long. We don't accept anybody's word for anything. We double-check everything." When we refreshed his memory about McRae's Qaddafi-assassination tale, Anderson at first stated that he had no memory of the story, then said, "I doubt that he told us that—he probably read it in the column and made it all up." We pointed out that Anderson had cited McRae by name in the pertinent column. "Well, then, we would have checked it out....I don't know, it's always possible that we could have had a Janet Cooke."

Copyrighted material

END THE RECESSION NOW



Stock up on fabulous SPY hats, Frisbees and T-shirts today.
Your purchase will help create sorely needed jobs in the textiles, plastics, direct-marketing and satirical-magazine industries.

FREE SUNGLASSES

Order more than $10 worth of merchandise, and we'll throw in a pair of hep SPY sunglasses.

Yes! I want to end the recession now! Please send me the following:

Name

Address

City

State ZIP

QTY.	PRICE	ITEM
	$12	T-Shirts
		(circle one) S M L XL
		(circle one) black white
	$8.95	Hats (one size fits all)
	$8.95	Frisbees (175-gram Wham-O Umax)

Enclose a check or money order (no cash or credit cards accepted—includes postage and handling; N.Y. State residents add 8.25% sales tax). Specify quantity, detach coupon and mail to:
The SPY Building • 5 Union Square West • New York, N.Y. 10003.

Offer limited to U.S. and Canada. Canadian residents please pay U.S. $2.50 per item. Good only while supply lasts. Please allow 4–6 weeks delivery.

Copyrighted material

missing

BOB SAGET: "I HAVE MY SERIOUS SIDE"

TV GUIDE

May 30-June 5, 1992 89¢

thirtysomething's Bold New Direction: Meeting Michael's New Boss

thirtysomething's Ken Olin, Sinbad and Mel Harris

SESAME STREET: TAKING ON BISEXUALITY

something

You watched it, we watched it, even if we didn't always like it, even if we felt it could be cloying, irritating, precious and self-involved, even if we didn't feel the slightest pang when the truck got Gary. And last spring, after ABC announced it was canceling *thirtysomething*, our hearts sank. A little. Recently, our spirits still flagging despite the nightly reruns on cable, we thought, *Why not bring the characters back? Why not invent the season that never was?* (By the way, when we showed our lost season to Marshall Herskovitz, a co-creator of the series, he told us he was impressed—especially since, as he said, the real show tended so much to *self*-parody.)

by Jamie Malanowski

magazine, see ...

5 11 NEWS; 60 min.
7 (8) THIRTYSOMETHING (CC); 60 min.
Michael and Hope decide not to move to Washington; Elliot and Nancy decide not to move back to Los Angeles; Melissa indulges in familiar neuroses.

Guest Cast
Elizabeth Hoff

MICHAEL AND HOPE'S LIVING ROOM
All their friends are there, eating pizza.

MICHAEL: Aw, come on, Elliot, that's crazy.
ELLIOT: No, Mike, don't you see? Michelangelo's definitely smarter. He would outfox Donatello, easy.
MICHAEL: How can you say that? They're exactly the same.
NANCY: I hope we aren't going to spend the whole evening arguing about this again.
HOPE: Really.
ELLYN: Is this what happens when you have kids? You just talk about kids' stuff?
BILLY: I like the Ninja Turtles.
MELISSA: Let's talk about something else. Like—if you were the Beauty in *Beauty and the Beast*, would you prefer the Beast when he was a beast or when he turned into a prince?
HOPE: Beast, definitely.
MELISSA: Me, too!
NANCY: I like the prince.
MELISSA: But he's so goyisher!
[*The doorbell rings; Michael answers. It's Miles Drentell.*]
MICHAEL: Miles!
MILES: Hello, Steadman. Surprised to see me?
MICHAEL: Nothing you do surprises me, Miles.
MILES: Steadman, I'll come to the point. As the Japanese say, the snail must climb Mount Fuji, but slowly.
MICHAEL: Uh-huh.
MILES: Steadman, I want you back.
MICHAEL: Miles...
MILES: Don't say it. As Nashiru wrote in *The Art of Management*, "The lion can sometimes act the lamb, but the tiger must always be the tiger."
MICHAEL: Miles, I have a new job. I've become an upper-middle-level manager in a big conglomerate.
MILES: Steadman! I'm so disappointed.
MICHAEL: Hey, it offers a pension plan, a tax-deferred college-tuition savings plan and a cardiac-fitness program. I'm pretty content.
MILES: Steadman, I always thought you had more in you than that.
MICHAEL: Miles, come in and have a beer. [*Michael leaves Miles in the living room, then goes into the kitchen, where he finds Hope cleaning up.*]
MICHAEL: Where is it? Where is it?
HOPE: Where's what?
MICHAEL: Aw, Hope, don't pretend. If you didn't do it, you didn't do it.
HOPE: Okay, I didn't do it.
MICHAEL: Why? It's a simple thing: *Just save a slice for Gary.* Is that such a big deal?
HOPE: Michael, our refrigerator's full of margarine containers that have leftovers with fuzz on them. He's not coming back.
MICHAEL: [*Sighs, then gazes off to the side for a moment, torn and conflicted.*] I know.

5 11 NEWS; 60 min.
7 (8) THIRTYSOMETHING (CC); 60 min.
Elliot wonders if he's gay; Ellyn recalls a long-past moment when Hope may or may not have slighted her.
13 ELEVENTH HO...

ELLIOT'S BACKYARD
Michael is helping Elliot blow up Ethan and Brittany's inner tubes.

ELLIOT: I mean, Mike! Mike! What would it feel like? How would I know?
MICHAEL: Aw, I don't know, El.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LORINDA SULLIVAN

Copyrighted material

You'd probably just know.
ELLIOT: I mean, I was looking at these perfume ads in *Vogue*, and they were filled with half-naked men, and I found myself thinking, *Wow, there's a handsome guy.*
MICHAEL: Aw, El, I don't think—
ELLIOT: And then I sort of fantasized about it for a while.
MICHAEL: Aw, I don't think—
ELLIOT: And then last night, when I was with Nancy, I sort of thought of him.
MICHAEL: Ah, well....
ELLIOT: And then I cruised some bars this afternoon.
MICHAEL: Hey, look at the time!
ELLIOT: Ethan, if you hit her again, there's no pool for you.

Black-and-white fantasy sequence: Elliot is nervous because he is debuting his cabaret act, and his Judy Garland isn't quite right. Elliot's friends come backstage to wish him well.
NANCY: [*To the others*] Hi. Be nice. His "Over the Rainbow" isn't going over.
ELLIOT: I'm on in ten minutes! What am I supposed to do?
HOPE: Do "The Trolley Song." Everybody likes that.
ELLYN: Do "New York, New York." Get it? You could be Judy doing Liza doing Judy. Get it? No?
MILES: More ambition than talent again, eh, Weston?
ELLIOT: Ya never want anything that I do to work, do ya, Miles?

...gazine, s...
5 11 NEWS; 60 min.
7 8 THIRTYSOMETHING (CC); 60 min.
The Steadmans are told by Janey's teacher that she is ordinary; Melissa allows an elderly relative to describe, in a bittersweet way, the death of vaudeville.
13 ELEVENTH HOUR—Newsmagazine

A PRESCHOOL CLASSROOM

Michael and Hope are sitting at two tiny desks, talking to Janey's teacher.

HOPE: But, Mrs. Farkas, she seems so bright at home.
MRS. FARKAS: You don't see her very much with other children her age. In fact, she's just a little bit slower than others in her cohort.
MICHAEL: Is she...retarded?
MRS. FARKAS: No, no, she's just very average.
HOPE: She must stand out somehow.
MRS. FARKAS: Well, she likes to watch TV.
MICHAEL: Isn't there anything we can do?
MRS. FARKAS: You have another child, don't you? Maybe you could project all your hopes and dreams onto him.
HOPE: We can still love her, can't we? [*She turns to Michael.*] Can't we? [*He sighs, then gazes off to the side for a moment, torn and conflicted.*]

That night, Michael, wearing a bathrobe, sits up late in his living room, brooding.
GARY'S GHOST: I wouldn't worry about her.
MICHAEL: *You* not worry about something? That's new.
GARY'S GHOST: I mean it, man. It's just a life. Good things'll happen to her, bad things. She'll be lonely, she'll be loved. [*Pause.*] She'll be surprised that it ended so soon.
MICHAEL: I just want the best for her.
GARY'S GHOST: Hey, man, it's not like she's a painting that you get to frame and admire. She's a person. Things are going to be messy.
MICHAEL: I don't know....
GARY'S GHOST: Hey, you know what it's like? It's like when we were at Penn, man, and we'd just finished putting up all those RALLY AGAINST THE WAR posters on Locust Walk, and we went back to my room—
MICHAEL: Was this after the Rita Coolidge concert?
GARY'S GHOST: Yeah! Yeah! And I put on this new album I had, and I said I thought this guy was going to be big, but you didn't think so? You didn't think so! And you remember what album that was? *Loggins and Messina, man!* You were talking about Kenny Loggins! See how wrong people can be?
MICHAEL: Um, hey, Gar—? Could you...look out for Janey?
GARY'S GHOST: Sorry, pal, this isn't like *Highway to Heaven*; I don't get to help people. I don't even really talk to you. You're just having emotional problems.
MICHAEL: Oh. Well, do you want to watch *Arsenio?*
GARY'S GHOST: Sure. [*They watch for a while.*] By the way, Emma's preschool teacher says she's really, really bright.

...p. 127.
5 11 NEWS; 60 ...
7 8 THIRTYSOMETHING (CC); 60 min.
Melissa's life may take a dramatic turn; Michael gets a new boss.
25 JOSH: THE LOGAN LEGEND; 60 min.
...ERN TRADI... History; 60 min.

MICHAEL AND HOPE'S KITCHEN

HOPE: Janey, Janey, stop crying. You just have to learn that Barbie doesn't have shoes anymore if you flush Barbie's shoes down the toilet.
MELISSA: [*Anxiously happy; or is she happily anxious?*] Hope, I've got some news for you.
HOPE: What?
MELISSA: I'm pregnant! Uh-huh! Can you believe it? I can't. I mean, I can, obviously, I wouldn't be sitting here telling you if I wasn't late and I'm never late and so I'm sure, but it's unbelievable, isn't it? I mean, the thought that I'm going to be somebody's mother! And I don't even know who, that's the thing, the part-beautiful, part-frightening thing! I don't even know how to prepare! I mean, I don't know if the kid's going to like SpaghettiOs or the Bee Gees or G.I. Joe with the kung fu grip or Ingmar Bergman or what! And what about my career? Can you bring up a kid in a darkroom? Would she get deformed, sitting under that red light? And the chemicals? Or get fat? Maybe I would have to quit, just give up everything I've struggled for. I can't do that! I have my own integrity as a person to think about! And what about her father? What's he going to do when I tell him? And that I'm not even sure it's him? Maybe I shouldn't tell him everything. Maybe I should break it to him slowly. Like, once I start to show.
HOPE: Melissa, slow down. Wait—what's the matter?
MELISSA: Cramps.

Copyrighted material

the impending visit of Gen. Douglas MacArthur. Hawkeye: Alan Alda.
7 8 NIGHTLINE (CC)—Ted Koppel
MAX MOVIE (CC)—Crime Drama; 1 hr., 40 min. ★
"Physical Evidence." Burt Reynolds.
MTV CLUB MTV

close up

TUESDAY
9 PM 7 8



Wettig, Harris, Olin, Mayron, Busfield and Draper

THE THIRTYSOMETHING CHRISTMAS SPECIAL

In a special two-hour episode, Hope's generosity is rewarded when the homeless woman she takes in for the holidays (Esther Rolle) turns out to be a fabulous cook. Meanwhile, a despondent Michael encounters Gary's ghost, who shows him what the world would have been like had Michael never been born. Ellyn is upset when Billy's special gift turns out to be a Filofax, while Melissa enjoys a fling with a department-store Santa (Andy Williams). Miles: David Clennon. Uncle Billy: Hal Linden.

w York Metropolitan Edition

maga...
5 11 NEWS; 60 min.
7 8 THIRTYSOMETHING (CC); 60 min.
Nancy develops an interesting new skill; Michael and Hope rent a homemade X-rated video and discover that Ellyn and Billy are featured in it.
50 NIGHTLY BUSINESS REPORT

ELLIOT AND NANCY'S LIVING ROOM
Nancy enters, finds Elliot lying on the couch.

ELLIOT: Ooh, keep the blinds closed, will ya? I have an awful headache.
NANCY: Here, maybe I can help. [*She reaches out and touches his forehead, murmuring quietly.*] *Aki hai a-hawana, lemmen si na-hawrana hee.*
ELLIOT: Gosh, that just feels terrific. What are you doing there?
NANCY: I've been meaning to tell you, Ellie, but ever since I went into remission, I've had...powers.
ELLIOT: What?
NANCY: I can—well, I can cure the sick. Just by laying on my hands and praying.
ELLIOT: Nancy, that's just great.

maga...
5 11 NEWS; 60 min.
7 8 THIRTYSOMETHING (CC); 60 min.
Ellyn discovers that her husband, Billy, has turned into a lump; Michael plays basketball with some neighborhood kids; Nancy acquires cult followers.
MYSTERY! (CC); 60 min.

HOPE'S FRONT PORCH
Hope is watering plants, Nancy is playing with Leo, and Ellyn is working her way through a bag of Cool Ranch Flavor Doritos.

NANCY: Is Mommy going to let Leo play with war toys when he gets bigger? Is Mommy going to get all anguished and confused about this?
ELLYN: Um, hey, Hope, can I ask you a question? Does Michael ever act like a big lump sometimes?
HOPE: Boy, does he!
ELLYN: And he gets, like, all silent sometimes, and withdrawn?
HOPE: Uh-huh.
ELLYN: And just, you know, pays no attention to you?
HOPE: Sure.
ELLYN: Elliot, too?
NANCY: Only when he's depressed. Or when one of the major professional sports is in season.
ELLYN: How long does it last?
HOPE: Oh, he breaks for meals, and by the end of the night he's up to asking me if I want to have sex.
NANCY: Why, is Billy acting withdrawn?
ELLYN: *But you say he's still interested in food and sex?* [*Hope and Nancy stare at Ellyn.*]
NANCY: Billy's lost interest in food and sex?

ELLYN: Um, well...uh-huh. But not completely. I can hear him rummaging around in the kitchen after I've gone to bed.
NANCY: What does he do all day?
ELLYN: He just lies in bed with the covers over his head. I think so, anyway. He's like that when I leave in the morning, and he's like that when I come home. And he's like that on the weekends. What do you think—just a phase? [*Hope and Nancy stare at Ellyn.*] Billy never was what you would call hyperactive.

...NEWS; 60 min.
7 8 THIRTYSOMETHING (CC); 60 min.
The Steadmans and their friends pitch in for a good cause; Ellyn uses her influence in city government to get an incinerator moved from Michael and Hope's neighborhood to a poorer community.
...NIGHTLY BUSINESS REPORT

MICHAEL AND HOPE'S LIVING ROOM
They and their friends are eating pizza.

ELLIOT: Aw, come on, Mike, it's obvious! It was a CIA operation, all the way.
MICHAEL: No way, Elliot. There's too much that points to the mob.
ELLYN: The thing I've always wondered about is, if it was Castro, why didn't he try to get revenge with an exploding cigar?
MELISSA: Or an exploding bimbo. That would have been perfect.
HOPE: What they did—whoever it was—was perfect enough.
NANCY: I wonder what event Ethan and Brittany will always remember where they were when they heard about it.
ELLIOT: Bush vomiting. I've already heard Ethan talking about being in Miss Lipscomb's class when he heard about Bush vomiting.
HOPE: Oh, why do we keep talking about a tragedy that's 30 years old? Let's face what's happening now!
ELLYN: Like?
HOPE: Like the Arch Street homeless shelter closing down.
MELISSA: Can't we do something? Like bake brownies?
ELLIOT: With nuts or without?
MELISSA: With. And cakey, not chewy.
NANCY: I know—let's put on a show!
ELLIOT: That's a great idea! Like in

Copyrighted material

the Andy Hardy movies!
MICHAEL: Like in sitcoms when they've run out of ideas.
HOPE: Oh, don't be so negative.
[*The doorbell rings. Michael answers.*]
MILES: Tora, tora, tora!
MICHAEL: Hi, Miles.
MILES: Steadman, I'm sorry for dropping in like this, but I was thinking of you.
MICHAEL: Oh?
MILES: Yes. I was remembering all those times we stood toe-to-toe in my office, two warriors squaring off, hurling thunderbolts at one another, light flashing off our swords.
MICHAEL: What's the point, Miles?
MILES: The point is, you were right. All your self-torture about the immorality of the advertising business was more than justified.
MICHAEL: So?
MILES: So now I'm going to commit *seppaku*. [*He pulls out a sword.*]
MICHAEL: Miles!
MILES: I am, right here on your porch.
MICHAEL: No, come on in. [*They go back into the living room.*]
HOPE: Hi. We've got it all figured out. Melissa's going to be Tina, Elliot's going to be Ike, and the rest of us are going to be Ikettes.
ELLYN: [*Singing*] "Big wheel keep on turning..."
MICHAEL: What can Miles and I do?
HOPE: Peter and Gordon?
MELISSA: Barbra Streisand and Neil Diamond?
ELLIOT: Paul and Art!
MILES: Is it possible? Would Steadman know "I Am a Rock"?

5 11 NEWS; 60 min.
7 8 THIRTYSOMETHING (CC); 60 min.
Michael is bothered by the scruffiness of a neighbor's lawn; Melissa and Ellyn agree that they really don't like Elliot.
[illegible] WEEGEE THE FAMOUS—Documentary (BW)
[illegible]ther Arthur [illegible] 39-

MICHAEL AND HOPE'S LIVING ROOM
Michael and Elliot are peeking out through the blinds.

MICHAEL: See, El? He hasn't cut it in weeks.
ELLIOT: It's long, Mike, really long. Have you spoken to him about it?
MICHAEL: Sort of. Basically, I let him know how much pride everyone here takes in the appearance of his lawn. Then I gave him the number of my lawn guy.
ELLIOT: But he never called.
MICHAEL: No.
ELLIOT: Why don't you do something about it?
MICHAEL: Like?
ELLIOT: Like, why don't you set fire to his garbage?
MICHAEL: What?
ELLIOT: Go over there, dump his garbage on his lawn, set it on fire. He'll get the idea.
MICHAEL: [*Thoughtfully*] Tonight's garbage night. Gary, what do you think?
ELLIOT: Ah, Mike...
GARY'S GHOST: He still doesn't see me.
MICHAEL: He sees you! You see him, don't ya, El?
ELLIOT: Sure, Mike, I see him. I just don't hear him so good. What's he say?
GARY'S GHOST: Mike, it's a *lawn*.
MICHAEL: You just don't get it, do you, Shepherd? *I have responsibilities.* I can't live my life in a dream world.
GARY'S GHOST: If it'll make you feel better, I'll go over and haunt him.

[illegible] the Close-up [illegible]
5 11 NEWS; 60 min.
7 8 THIRTYSOMETHING (CC); 60 min.
Michael is overwhelmed with existential dread.
[illegible] (29) MacNEIL [illegible] NEWSHOUR;

MICHAEL AND HOPE'S KITCHEN
Michael follows Hope around as she cleans various surfaces.

MICHAEL: I don't know, Hope. One day I'm here, worrying about business and paying for Janey's school, and the next day I'm gone. And maybe all Janey and Leo remember is this remote, unknowable figure. And all their kids'll remember is that Grandpa smelled funny, or looked waxy in his casket. And nobody'll care what I thought of life, or how I felt when I first saw you or when Janey and Leo were born. And then one day some archaeologist'll dig up my, my—I don't know, my Krups coffee grinder, and make these elaborate generalizations about the kind of person I was....
HOPE: Michael, did you use all the milk?

Fantasy sequence: Michael and Hope's friends portray a group of scholars of the future who are discussing the Steadmans' marriage.
PROFESSOR NANCY: And here we have some artifacts from a typical Digital Era couple. From her night table: Nuprin pain reliever, Ortho-Gynol-brand spermicide, a copy of *Backlash* by Susan Faludi, a Hot Wheels racing car, and a Victoria's Secret *bustier*, with the tags on.
PROFESSOR MELISSA: Obviously an intelligent woman who opted for motherhood rather than a career in the world and who feels uncertain about her choice.
PROFESSOR ELLYN: Hope never told me she was taking Prozac!
PROFESSOR NANCY: And in his drawer—
PROFESSOR MELISSA: A picture of his children, and 19 pairs of socks.
PROFESSOR NANCY: Not much to go on there.
PROFESSOR ELLYN: Not like if he'd left an electric coffee grinder!

[illegible] 27.
5 11 NEWS; 60 min.
7 8 THIRTYSOMETHING (CC); 60 min.
Michael and Hope stop caring; Elliot plans a career in summer theater; Nancy foresees the end of the world.
[illegible]

MICHAEL AND HOPE'S BEDROOM
They have just finished making love.

MICHAEL: [*Rolling over*] Awww, God. That was great. [*She is quiet.*] Hope?
HOPE: [*She remains quiet for a long beat.*] It was nice.
MICHAEL: I thought it was great. [*They are quiet for a while.*]
HOPE: Honey, can I talk to you about something? Do you ever think we're drifting apart? Do you ever think that raising the kids and the job pressures and buying insurance and refinancing the mortgage and everything else is pushing us apart? Changing us? Making us different? [*Brief pause.*] Michael? Are you awake? [*She sits up, reaches for the remote control.*] Honey, do you want to watch TV with me awhile? Michael? *Homefront*'s on. Michael?

Copyrighted material

SPY Classifieds

Miscellaneous

Exciting World Music—For a free catalog of CDs and cassettes, write: Music of the World, P.O. Box 3620-Y, Chapel Hill, NC 27515.

Unique numerological system $5.95; study of all presidential candidates $1.95. Artistic Creations, P.O. Box 3135, Ormond Beach, FL 32175.

TEMPORARY TATTOOS—Look real, last several days. For full-color catalog send $1 to Tattoo Adieu, P.O. Box 309, Key West, FL 33041.

Steely Dan Fan Magazine. Send stamp for *Metal Leg* subscription info. P. Fogel, Box 20129, NY, NY 10023-9991.

PENISES OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM. Comparative anatomy chart (23" x 35") depicts the male copulatory organs of several animals, from man to whale. Features the fingerlike appendage of the porpoise penis, the extended urethra of the giraffe, and many other genitological oddities. A lithograph of rare quality suitable for framing and display, the poster includes an insert of descriptive text to complement the graphics. Whether used as an educational resource, a decoration for home or office, or a unique gift, *Penises of the Animal Kingdom* will provide many hours of fascination and enjoyment. **To order** send $8.95 + $2 for P&H: Scientific Novelty Co., Box 673-D, Bloomington, IN 47402. Please allow 2 weeks for delivery.

Gifts

GRAND CHOCOLATE PIZZA™. Practice safe sin. Call for our delicious brochure. (800) 475-RSVP.

SKELETONS, Life-size (5'), semi-articulated, plastic. Great gift for deadheads or lovers of the macabre. $39.95 + $8 s&h ($47.95 total). Check or m/o to DRAKE ENTERPRISES, P.O. Box 122, Middlesex, NJ 08846-0122.

HOT NEW POSTERS! Color catalog $2.95, foreign $3.95. Exclusively by Artistic Creations. P.O. Box 3135, Ormond Beach, FL 32175.

Celebrity Addresses

8,400 stars' personal addresses, $25 (or $4 for books of names; subsequent addresses 50 cents each). ACS, 1770 N. Highland Ave. #434, Dept. Y, Hollywood, CA 90028.

Employment Opportunities

GET PAID FOR READING BOOKS! $100 per book. Send name, address to Calco Publishing (Dept. C-282), 500 South Broad, Meriden, CT 06450.

Personals

Beautiful Oriental Ladies seeking marriage-minded men. Photos, details $2. Japan, Box 30323-SY, Sun Valley, NV 89433.

RUSSIA-SCANDINAVIA-G. BRITAIN-USA, etc.: Professionals worldwide seek friendship, romance, marriage. SCANNA INT'L. (since 1980), P.O. Box 4-SPY, Pittsford, NY 14534. (800) 677-3170.

RUSSIAN CONNECTION represents 100s of cultured Russian females, doctors, teachers, artists, etc., seeking similar marriage-minded American gentlemen. Box 700, Clayton, CA 94517-0700. (510) 672-1512.

Correspondence

Penfriends England, USA, worldwide. Send age, interests for free reply. Currents, Box 525-SY, Brooklyn, NY 11229.

Pearls of the Orient want to write you. Details, photos FREE, videos available. (#1 in service since 1979.) PSL, Blanca, CO 81123-1750. (719) 379-3228. 24 hrs.

FRANCE! French men and women seek friendship and romance. LFA, P.O. Box 2054, L.A., CA 90028.

Witchcraft

White Magic spells, chants and charms for love, wealth, sex, health, happiness, etc. Also, chart of herbs and their magical properties. Send $12.50 check or money order to: Magical Endeavors, P.O. Box 285, Salem, MA 01970.

Drug Testing

DRUG TESTING SHORT NOTICE. True factual information. 1-900-776-1532. $3/minute, 24 hrs.

900 Numbers

DIAL AN INSULT. Be amused while being abused. 1 (900) 896-2800. Just $2 per minute. Fun Lines Inc., L.A., CA.

Medical

CONQUER premature ejaculation. Save your sex life. Video developed by board-certified doctor teaches total control. FREE information. (800) 778-CURE.

LIVE



Love? Money? Success?

Tarot Card Readings
1-900-820-1551 $2.99/min. *Must be 18.*

Astrology
Daily Forecast, Compatibility (Friends/Lovers), Past Lives, Personality Profile and more...
1-900-420-STAR (7827) $2.99/min. *Must be 18.*

Lucky Numbers
1-900-420-7007 $2.99/min. *Must be 18.*

All readings are private. © Northwest Nevada Telco, Reno, NV.

To place an ad, send materials to SPY Classifieds, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003, attn.: Jana Hollingshead. Please include your daytime telephone number and address. For information, call (212) 633-6550 or fax (212) 633-8848.

Classified Ads: $26 per line (two-line minimum); $21 per line for two or more consecutive months. **Personals:** $25 per line; add $10 for a SPY box. **Classified Display:** $172 per column inch; $155 for two or more consecutive months. All orders must be prepaid.

THE TREMMEL T-SHIRT COMPANY CATALOG



THE BEST IN SOPHISTICATED ART & HUMOR T'S
CALL 800-873-6635 (THAT'S 800 TREMMEL)
FOR A FREE COPY!

DESIGN PICTURED AVAILABLE IN SIX-COLOR ON WHITE HEAVYWEIGHT 100% COTTON T-SHIRT. M, L, XL: $16.00. XXL: $18.00. ADD $3.00 SHIPPING. MASTERCARD/VISA/AMEX



OLD TYME Rubber Stamps
Hundreds of Designs
Amazing Catalogue $1 Refundable
GOOD IMPRESSIONS, DEPT. P2 Shirley, WV 26434

GET THE REAL TRUTH ABOUT THE ALIENS!



COSMIC AWARENESS, the Universal Mind, explains UFOs, the Alien Presence, Bigfoot, etc., plus spiritual philosophy, life-after-death. Sample newsletter free!
REVELATIONS OF AWARENESS, Box 115--Z Olympia, Washington 98507.

CENSORED JOKES
They won't let you hear *these* on television!
CALL 1-900- 28-JOKES
Just $1.98 per minute...3 minute average
Adults only, 18 & over, *please.*
Call now before the FCC does
Hollywood Interactive, West Hollywood, CA

ENRAGING Bumper Stickers

Tell'm what you think and tell'm now! Don't wait till November. Just $4.95 each, or get any 3 for $12.00 Includes postage & handling. Full-size "Enragiously Fun" bumper stickers.

Make sure you tell us which bumper stickers you want. Choose "A", "B", or "C".

Send your check to: ENRAGING B.S. - P.O. BOX 3027 KANSAS CITY, KS. 66103. PLEASE ALLOW 2-3 WEEKS DELIVERY.

A. Bye Bye George! So Long Dummy... Party's Over!
B. If Jerry Brown's the ANSWER... How Weird's the QUESTION?
C. I'd Vote for CLINTON... But She's Already Got a JOB!



- SHOOT LOOTERS
- MY SUPERVISOR DROVE ME TO IT
- ATTENTION JAPAN: I'M NOT LAZY, STUPID OR OVERPAID—YOU'VE GOT ME CONFUSED WITH MY EMPLOYER
- CHANCES ARE, YOUR ANCESTORS AND MINE CAME OVER ON THE SAME UFO

T's $14.95 paid. M,L,XL. Black on Stonewash Grey. Send check to ZeRo Ideas, P.O. Box 971, Vernon, NJ 07462

CABLE TV Descramblers & Converters
STOP RENTING!
Save Money – Own Your Own Equipment
All Major Brand Names • Free 30 Day Trial
Dealers Wanted • FREE CATALOG
Add-On Cable Co. 1-800-334-8475

Copyrighted material

Glisten Up

Captain EO, T&A and the NBA Via Caesar, Plato, Nietzsche and Balzac

by Humphrey Greddon

My favorite movies of all time are *Fatal Attraction*, *Reversal of Fortune* and the recent *Hamlet*, with Mel Gibson. Why? Well, Glenn Close stars in all three films, and even better, in all three films, Glenn Close gets killed (or gets severely brain-damaged after almost getting killed). David Richards, the insufferably blithe theater critic for *The New York Times*, apparently doesn't share my delight in any homicide that involves Miss Close as victim. Here he is writing about her work in the new play *Death and the Maiden*: "One adjective keeps edging to the forefront of my mind to describe [Close's] remarkable performance: glistening." Glistening as in radiant or as in sweaty? Radiant. "Glistening can't be the word I want," Richards says wisely, but he continues, "And yet there's no denying the evidence on the stage of the Brooks Atkinson Theater. In a role that pushes her very nearly to the breaking point, the lady glistens. She glistens with madness, with sorrow, with righteous fury...." *The Lady Glistens*—wasn't that a failed musical from the 1930s? Writing about *Death and the Maiden* in *Time*, William A. Henry III reminded us that "a year ago, Broadway was mired in the slough of despond...wondering whether the Great White Way would ever glisten again." He has gotten his wish. (By the way, a number of readers have inquired as to whether Richards can possibly write the word *consummation* without appending to it the phrase *devoutly to be wished*. He cannot. He is, however, quite capable of using the words *whoop-de-do* and *ohmigosh* in a single column.)

If David Richards is the good fairy among the *Times*'s theater reviewers and Frank Rich is the bad fairy, then Mel Gussow is Sneezy. Gussow nearly made a witticism reviewing Roger Rosenblatt's *And*: "From the highly ethical stance that Mr. Rosenblatt is striking in this first attempt at playwriting," he wrote, "one might imagine that he has given up the common ground of oat bran in favor of Moral Fiber." Pretty good, except that oat bran is already our most morally fibrous breakfast food, so Gussow's crack doesn't make much sense. "Given up the common ground of Count Chocula," though, would have been to the point and *funny*. To conclude our overview of the *Times*'s greasepaint scribblers—as David Richards might say—I will mention that the talented Alex Witchel began a story with the sentence "Whoever invented the saying 'nice guys finish last' probably



Illustration by Michael Witte

Copyrighted material

worked in the theater." I don't know—I just can't see Leo Durocher in *Carousel*.

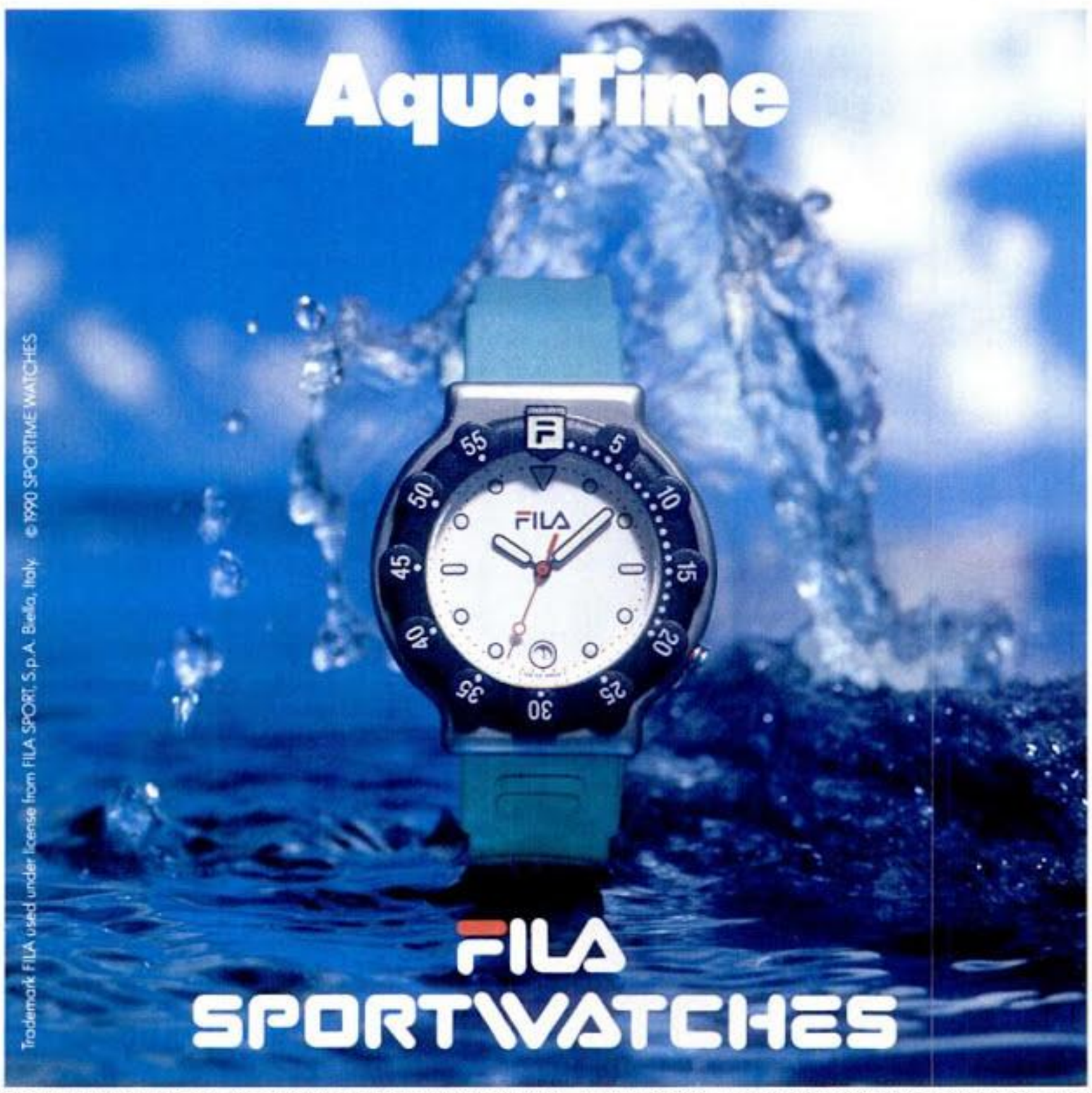
> In his epic poem *De Rerum Natura*, Julius Caesar's contemporary Lucretius tried to demystify unquestioned beliefs in a way that Coleridge, via Kant, would attempt twenty centuries later. Lucretius described the materialist universe of his philosophical master Epicurus....

As you will have guessed by now, this passage is taken from a review of Michael Jackson's latest album, *Dangerous*. Gene Santoro wrote the review for *The Nation*, and among the one-named stars he mentions are Boccaccio, Petrarch, Dante, Tasso, Lucian, Homer and Virgil (but not Madonna or Shanice). He also refers to Jonathan Swift, Friedrich Schiller, Charles Darwin and Captain Beefheart. Santoro likes the single "Black or White" and concludes his review by saying that it "makes your feet move"; if the point of Western civilization has been to answer the question "But can you dance to it?," then this multiculturalism business just may be a good idea.

> O slo-mo jiggle-o, O torpid pantheresses panting in the surf, O eyes of wild surmise, O feral snarls and flung hair, O motor-scooter pouts and Popsicle possibilities, O cute salutes beneath umbrellas, O coy and wondrous hard-sell soft-core spectacle of hieroglyphic prancing and prowling, of wet T-shirt *Weltanschauung*...

As you will have guessed by now, this passage is taken from a review of *Sports Illustrated*'s *Behind the Scenes: The Official Swimsuit Video*. Henry Allen, who critiqued the video for *The Washington Post*, positively...*glistens* as he tries to write about luscious babes while making fun of writing about luscious babes. Part of his strategy is the ironic use of semihighbrow references that are supposed to be ironic but also happen to remind the reader that this guy writing about luscious babes is





Copyrighted material

capable of semihighbrow references. In addition to *Weltanschauung*, Allen uses the words *callipygian* and *symbol-system*, and he quotes Faulkner and mentions Plato and Kali. However, he does make one truly apt allusion to something vaguely cultural—*The Story of O*.

Not to be outdone by Santoro and Allen, Jean Carroll wrote an actually pretty amusing story about NBA groupies for *Esquire* and managed to work in Dame Margot Fonteyn, Nietzsche, Darwin and Balzac. (She also made a reference to Demetrius, but he was not a contemporary of Julius Caesar's—he's a Laker named Demetrius Calip.)

A couple of months ago ("When the News Is Not Quite Fit to Print," by Steve Radlauer, March), SPY honored Natalie Angier, the excellent science writer for the *Times*, by listing the 39 imaginative euphemisms she had concocted in her 3,000-word discussion of dung beetles and their products ("dung pat," "pat of dung," "dung balls," "meadow muffin"). Little did we know that this would become Angier's beat. She recently wrote a story about New York's increasingly ignored pooper-scooper law, and here are some of her formulations: "those little things that pets leave behind," "dog waste," "dog droppings," "dog feces," "dog filth," "dog piles," "the dog...performed its necessary functions," and finally, as Angier simply gave up, "the mess." Let's hope some new subject attracts Angier soon, for, as we have said, she is an excrement writer.

A recent profile of Jay Leno in *Time* commented that his "jutting jaw has launched a thousand bad metaphors." Many of them belong to *Time*'s own Richard Corliss. In a short piece about Leno last year, Corliss called the comic "anvil-jawed," "cash-register-drawer-jawed," "glockenspiel-jawed," "hydrofoil-jawed" and "peninsula-jawed." Perhaps Corliss was kidding, with typical glockenspiel subtlety.

Something astonishing happened when Canby reviewed *Shadows and Fog*: He didn't say it was the best movie Woody had ever made

Something astonishing happened when Vincent Canby reviewed Woody Allen's new film, *Shadows and Fog*: He did not say that this was the best movie Woody Allen had ever made. For at least a decade, Canby has greeted each new Allen work with such praise. In 1983, Canby wrote that *Zelig* was "Woody Allen's triumph." In 1985, Canby said of Allen's film *Purple Rose of Cairo* that "quite possibly, it is his best." Then a year later Canby wrote, "*Hannah and Her Sisters* is Mr. Allen's most ambitious work to date and, possibly, his finest achievement. That's a phrase I've used before to describe other Allen films...and may well use again in the future. Everything being relative in an expanding universe, reassessments are part of the natural order of things." The universe continued to expand. Allen's next movie was *Radio Days*, which Canby called "his most buoyant, comic and poignantly expressed of memoirs....Never has Mr. Allen been so steadily in control." Well, how about the *next* movie, the awful *September*? "Woody Allen's riskiest film yet." And the terrible *Another Woman*? Allen's "most personal, most self-searching film." *Crimes and Misdemeanors*? "Mr. Allen's most securely serious and funny film to date." *Alice—Alice*!—"confirms Mr. Allen's safe arrival on a whole new plateau of film-making." Canby likes *Shadows and Fog* but says delicately that it "operates on its own wavelength"; prepare for the end of time.

WIN FREE SOVIET STUFF

ENTER THE

Barq's ROOT BEER



C O N T E S T

REMEMBER WHEN THE SOVIET UNION WAS AN EVIL EMPIRE? REMEMBER WHEN SCHOOL KIDS HAD TO PRACTICE AIR-RAID DRILLS AND WE WERE ON THE BRINK OF TOTAL NUCLEAR ANNIHILATION?

GOSH, THOSE WERE THE GOOD OLD DAYS. WE REALLY MISS ALL THE GOOD-NATURED ANIMOSITY (THE CUBAN MISSILE CRISIS, GARY POWERS) BETWEEN THE TWO SUPER-POWERS—NOT TO MENTION ALL THE GREAT JOKES THAT CAME FROM THAT GOLDEN ERA OF FEAR, IGNORANCE AND HATRED. SO, IN THIS SPIRIT, BARQ'S ROOT BEER INVITES SPY READERS TO SEND IN THEIR BEST SOVIET (OR COMMONWEALTH OF INDEPENDENT STATES) JOKE.

SEND YOUR JOKE TO SPY AT THE ADDRESS BELOW AND YOU COULD WIN:

GRAND PRIZE
His-and-hers Soviet-made watches! Plus a great selection of other authentic Soviet consumer items, such as pins, medals, banners and flags!
(Approximate value: $150)

10 FIRST PRIZES
A case of Barq's Root beer! The one with bite—and the official soft drink of triumphant American capitalism. A Barq's Russian T-shirt and a fashionable SPY T-shirt!
(Approximate value: $50)

20 SECOND PRIZES
A six-pack of Barq's and a SPY hat.
(Approximate value: $15)

25 THIRD PRIZES
Two cans of Barq's and red straws to drink them with.
(Approximate value: $3)

SEND ENTRIES TO THE "SAY, GORBY, HAVE YOU HEARD THE ONE ABOUT..." CONTEST: SPY Magazine • The SPY Building 5 Union Square West • New York, NY 10003

OFFICIAL RULES
No Purchase Necessary

To enter, send your Soviet joke in an envelope with your name, address, age and daytime telephone number. Stamp and mail to the above address. Enter as often as you like. All entries must be postmarked no later than June 30, 1992. Sponsors are not responsible for late, lost or misdirected mail. All entries will be evaluated by a qualified panel of judges based on creativity and humor. Judges' decisions are final. Entries become the property of the promoters. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received and the merit and quality of the jokes entered. The best-written version of duplicate jokes will prevail. All prizes will be awarded by July 30, 1992. A list of winners will be available upon request.

Copyrighted material

FOTO FUNNIES

Starring



The POSTER BOYS™

YOUR FULL-SERVICE COMEDY TEAM

© Mark Hoegenkamp



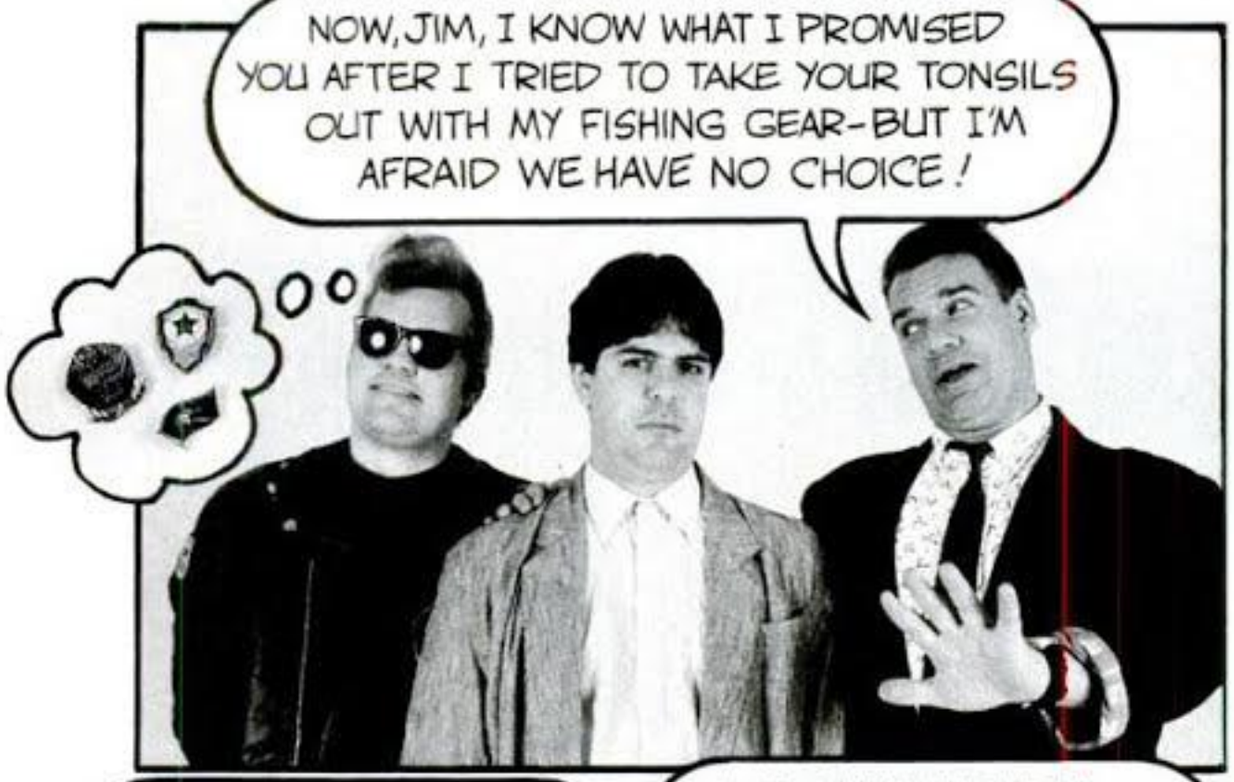
Brought to you by

FAMOUS OLDE TYME Barq's ROOT BEER SINCE 1898

THE ONE WITH BITE.











FREE SOVIET STUFF!

Barq's

ПЕЙТЕ «БАРКС»!
ХОРОШИЙ НАПИТОК!

GET FREE SOVIET STUFF FROM BARQ'S! AUTHENTIC MEDALLIONS, PINS, STAMPS, AND MORE! LOOK FOR SPECIALLY-MARKED 12-PACKS OR 2 LITER BOTTLES FOR COMPLETE DETAILS.

© 1992 BARQ'S INC.

Copyrighted material

Q&A

Author! Author?

Meet Paul Johnson, Best-selling Historian, Moralist, Mentor to the Great—and Crank

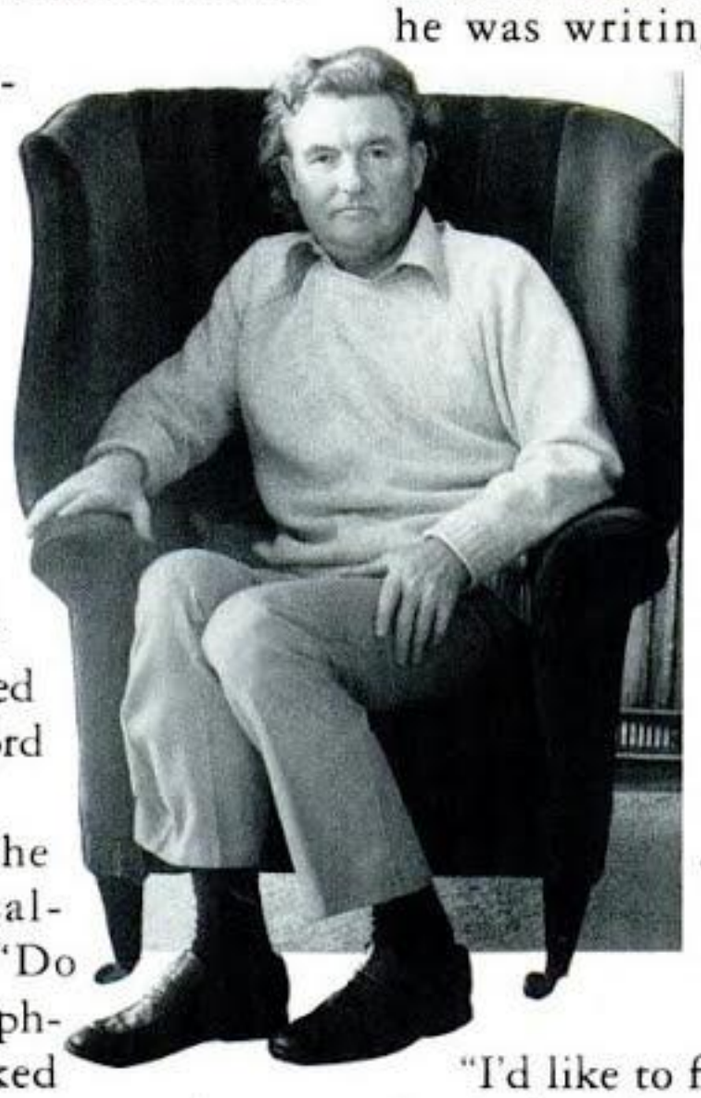
by Richard Stengel

"Come round to the house at four-thirty," Paul Johnson said in his confident, donnish voice over the telephone.

I had persuaded an American magazine to send me to London to interview the great Paul Johnson: the magisterial Anglo-Saxon man of letters, the modern Macaulay, the contemporary Carlyle, the author of *Modern Times*, *A History of the Jews*, *Intellectuals* and, most recently, *The Birth of the Modern*, a man of towering intellect and equally lofty moral standards. This month HarperCollins is reissuing paperbacks of his best-known works.

Modern Times, which many consider his masterwork, is a bible for contemporary conservatives. Richard Nixon once called it his favorite book. Dan Quayle lugged it around with him as an intellectual prop during the first several years of his vice presidency. In the Iran-contra hearings, Oliver North admiringly testified that CIA Director William Casey had read a massive book at one sitting—a book, Ollie recalled, by Paul Johnson. It was *Modern Times*.

By all accounts, Johnson is a family man and a devout Catholic. A man who has acted on his principles as an informal adviser to Margaret Thatcher, to Rupert Murdoch, to former secretary of State George Shultz. Ultimately, Johnson is a moralist who writes history, a man who sees the narrative of human events as a set of moral choices. He is a man of principle, a man who has written that there is no excuse for improper behavior. He is also a man who loathes the press, once noting that "most journalists are scoundrels. They should all be locked up."



I arrived at Johnson's Bayswater townhouse at precisely four-thirty. I had decided to wear something tweedy, thinking that my rumpled sport coat would put him at ease, make him imagine that we were engaged in some sort of Oxford tutorial.

He met me at the door. He wore a salmon-colored tie. "Do you have a photographer with you?" he asked as I entered his musty, antique-filled house. Actually, no, I said. "Ah, well." He closed the door behind me and said, "Marigold was terribly disappointed not to be here to meet you." Marigold is his wife. He ushered me into a book-lined den. "I'm off to make some tea. You take tea, don't you—or *coffee*?" he said, rather ominously. Tea was fine, I replied.

A plate of chocolate-covered biscuits sat on the table. I took my place on a lumpy couch, figuring that Johnson would prefer to sit in the thronelike wing chair opposite me. He returned a few minutes later with the tea and then leaned back in the chair, eyeing me suspiciously. He made no move to pour the tea. I asked him if he would like some. He nodded.

"Are you married?" he asked me.

"No," I said.

"Don't like *women*, then?" he said loudly, giving me a fishy stare.

"Well," I said, "I think perhaps I like them a little too much."

"Why would you want to interview a chap like me?" he said irritably.

This was the moment for flattery. I told him that he was the great popular contemporary historian and a man of international stature. Besides, I said, I knew he was writing a history of the United States.

"Yes, I'm fascinated by America, I'm trying to find out what America is *about*, you see. What do *you* think America is about?" he said, looking straight at me.

It was a rather broad question. I said I wasn't sure what America was *about*, but that I suspected America was on the decline.

"Yes," he said. "I'd like to find out what America is *about*."

I then told him that if he didn't mind, I'd turn on my tape recorder and begin the interview. What follows is the transcript.

Copyrighted material

RICHARD STENGEL: *In* Modern Times, *you talk about moral relativism and how it has existed in the twentieth century. What examples of moral relativism do you see now on the world scene?*

PAUL JOHNSON: [*Eight-second pause, during which time he scratches his chin.*] Don't know.

R.S.: *Um...*[*Seven-second pause.*] *Certainly not on the same scale, perhaps, as the examples that you used before, but do you see any, uh...*

JOHNSON: No.

R.S.: *No?* [*Six-second pause.*] *Um...uh...One of the issues that you have written about is, uh, biological determinism. Do you think that—now that we're finding out more about genetic inheritances—the idea of morality is becoming less, uh, important and more a function of biology?*

JOHNSON: [*Twenty-seven-second pause, during which time he rubs his face and eyes and then closes them.*] Don't know.

R.S.: *Okay....*[*Laughs nervously.*] *Are these questions not up your alley?*

JOHNSON: [*Eyes closed*] Don't know.

R.S.: [*Staccato*] *Do you think Reaganomics caused the recession in the United States?*

JOHNSON: [*Quickly*] Very unlikely.

R.S.: *Um...*[*Six-second pause.*] *Very unlikely, but perhaps the speed with which money was spent and borrowed and the way the debt increased—don't you think that might have something to do with—*

JOHNSON: Unlikely.

R.S.: *What do you think has caused the recession?*

JOHNSON: [*Slightly belligerent tone*] Don't know.

R.S.: [*Laughs nervously.*]

JOHNSON: [*Also laughs.*]

R.S.: *Um...*[*Eleven-second pause.*] *One of the things that you've mentioned as being of great importance in the twentieth century is the failure of religious belief to disappear. How do you account for that, and do you see some of the excesses of religion going on now?*

JOHNSON: [*Five-second pause.*] Don't know.

I turned off my recorder. His *Don't know*s had become progressively more churlish. His two *Unlikely*s had dripped with scorn.

I paused for several seconds after the last *Don't know* and then said, "But what about the recent elections of fundamentalist Muslims in Algeria, and the situation in Iran—aren't those negative examples of the persistence of religion?"

He stood up and, without looking at me, rumbled out of the room. Five minutes passed. Perhaps he had trundled off to the bathroom? I stood and strolled around the room. I listened for running water. After ten minutes I walked into the hallway and peeked about. No sign of him.

After 15 minutes I stood in the hallway and called out, "Hello! Hellooo?" I walked halfway up the stairs and looked around: nothing. I walked halfway down the stairs: nothing. Again, "Hello?" Nothing. I returned to the den. After half an hour I put on my coat. I walked out into the hall, called out "Goodbye!" and then shut the front door behind me.

I looked back at the house as I walked away. All the lights were out, and I didn't see any movement of the curtains. I went to a nearby pub and, half an hour later, called his house. The answering machine picked up, with Marigold Johnson's plummy voice on it. I left a message.

On the plane back, I leafed through the final chapter of *Intellectuals* and came across the following passage: "I think I detect today a certain public skepticism when intellectuals stand up to preach to us, a growing tendency among ordinary people to dispute the right of academics, writers and philosophers, eminent though they may be, to tell us how to behave and conduct our affairs. The belief seems to be spreading that intellectuals are no wiser as mentors, or worthier as exemplars, than the witch doctors or priests of old. I share that skepticism." So do I.

Photo Credits



Cover: Tom Arnold's wardrobe (except tie) available at Rochester Big & Tall.
Page 2: Bonnie Schiffman (Arnolds); Rick Maiman/Sygma (Gravano).
Page 5: H. Armstrong Roberts (pencil sharpener); UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos (skyline, Perot).
Page 18: Rick Maiman/Sygma (Kerrey); AP/Wide World Photos (Ohga); J.L. Atlan/Sygma (Quayle).
Page 19: Marina Garnier (Kissinger); Ewing Galloway (body).
Page 22: Archive Photos (Uncle Sam); AP/Wide World Photos (Robbins).
Page 24: Gamma-Liaison (Quayle).
Page 26: © 20th Century Fox Film Corporation (*Studs*).
Page 28: Ralph Dominguez/Globe Photos (Lovett); AP/Wide World Photos (Chennault, Guy, Lauren, Raphael); Ron Galella, Ltd. (Jackson); I. Wyman/Sygma (Wilder); Globe Photos (Onassis, Tootsie); Kelly Jordan/Ron Galella, Ltd. (Siegal).
Page 31: C. Sykes/WINS (Clinton).
Page 32: Trippett/Sipa Press (Bush).
Page 33: Donskoy/Rianovost/Sipa Press (Yeltsin).
Page 34: Livio Anticoli/Gamma Liaison (pope).
Page 36: The Press Agency (Fergie).
Page 38: Helayne Seidman/Sygma (Gravano).
Page 39: New York Post (Gravano).
Page 40: Photofest (the Brotherhood).
Page 41: New York Daily News (Arena); Lorinda Sullivan (Gravano and Gotti); Simon Metz (Gravano).
Page 44: UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos (Kennedy); Michael Evans/Sygma (Reagan); Kelly Jordan/Galella, Ltd. (Stein).
Page 45: UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos (Ozzie Nelson); Photofest (Rick Nelson); Smeal/Galella, Ltd. (Nelson twins).
Page 46: UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos (King); AP/Wide World Photos (Jackson); Ralph Ginzburg (Sharpton).
Page 47: UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos (skull).
Page 53: Courtesy of Ron McRae.
Page 54: Bettmann Newsphotos (Anderson).
Page 58: Gary Null/©NBC (Sinbad); Photofest (Olin).
Page 61: Foto Fantasies (thirtysomething).
Page 68: Globe Photos (Johnson).
Page 70-1: Savignano/Galella, Ltd. (Ertegun); Bettina Cirone (Shields); Albert Ferreira/DMI (Walters); Robin Platzer (Smith, Schiffer); Smeal/Galella, Ltd. (Field, Hart, MacLaine, Stevens); Ron Galella, Ltd. (Madonna, Jackson); Rose Hartman (Wintour); Archive Photos (gargoyles); all others Marina Garnier.

Copyrighted material



That's a good Ahmet! *Good* Ahmet. At the Supper Club, Ron Delsener pats fellow no-longer-young youth-culture impresario Ahmet Ertegun on the head.

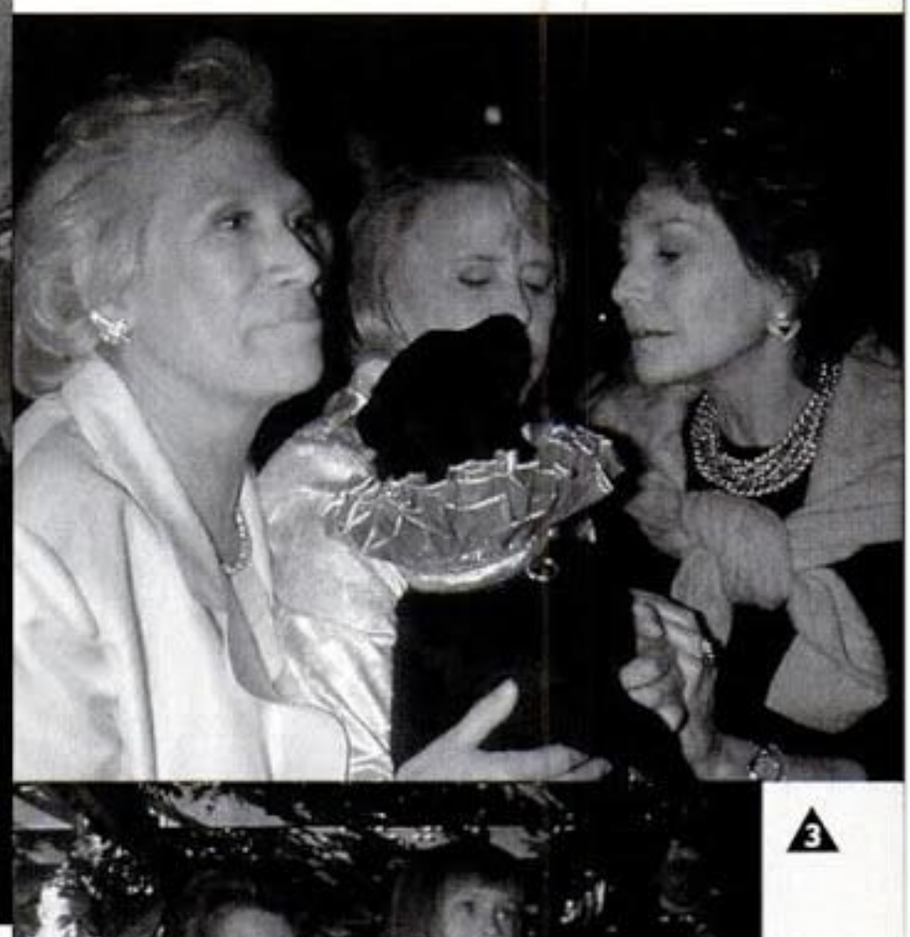


Sally Field Madonna Mary Hart

Party Poop.







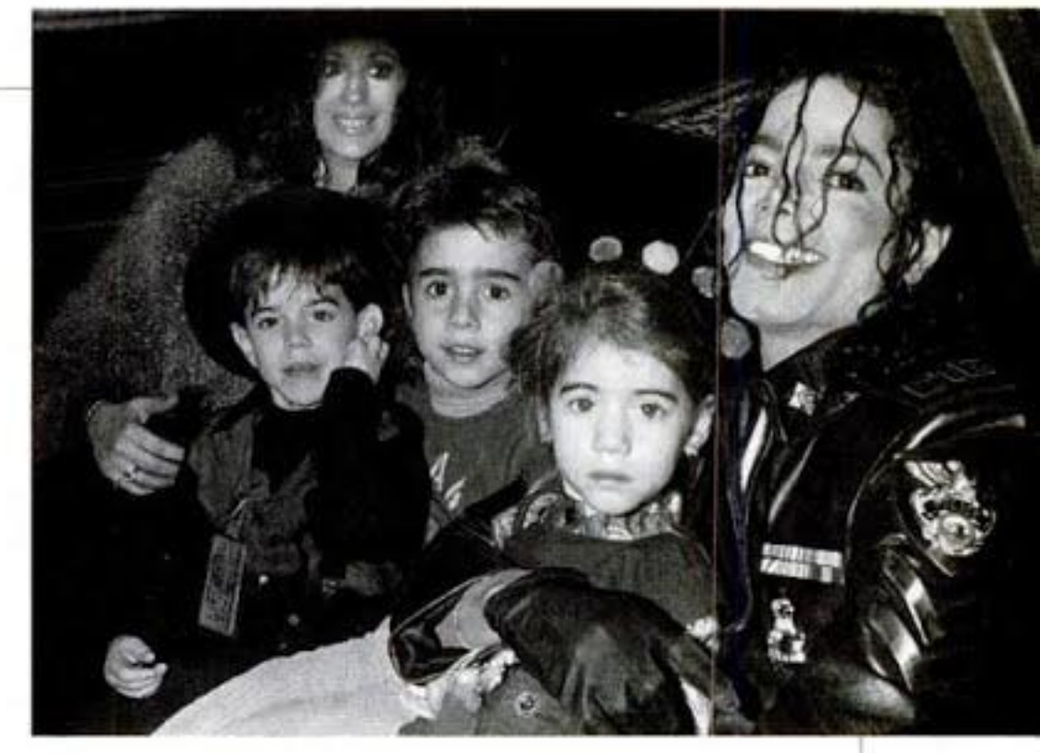


GIRL'S BEST FRIEND Man shortage or canine surplus? (1) Cheryl Tiegs and Kafka at the New York Hilton; (2) Toukie Smith cuddles Rufus at Tribeca Grill. As demonstrated by (3) Iris Love, Liz Smith and Barbara Walters at the New York Hilton, and by (4) Brooke Shields in Central Park, it is possible to air-kiss a dog.

Copyrighted material



Claudia Schiffer Dyan Cannon Shirley MacLaine



NOT NECESSARILY A GOOD IDEA
A carful of happy, excited children shipped in to play with Michael Jackson.



HEAR NO EVIL, SEE NO EVIL, HAVE NO HAIR As *Esquire* editor and guy's guy Terry McDonell affects his look of macho earnestness (*far left*), Santa Monica boulevardiers Sandy Gallin, David Geffen and Barry Diller get more in the spirit of their friend Calvin Klein's fashion show.





PHONE CRAMP *Vogue* editor (and Glenda Jackson impersonator) Anna Wintour has had to spend hours and hours on the telephone reminding photographers and writers that they may *not* work for the resurgent *Harper's Bazaar.*



THE SUPERGLAMOROUS LIFE OF THE QUASI CELEBRITY *Above*, while grizzled Warhol-era artifact and would-be vamp Sally Kirkland autographs a baseball for an apparently confused sports fan, a happy, unmortified lackey unhooks Kirkland's bracelet from the back of her sausage-casing-inspired dress. *Left*, at the Shubert Theater, grizzled World War II–era artifact and would-be vamp Cindy Adams tries to unhook a tiny, smiling, bearded man from *her* bracelet.

Copyrighted material

Live White Male

Your Art's Showing!

Look Who's Losing Their *Fund*-ing...

by Roy Blount Jr.

I know how the line goes: "He was one of our greatest photographers, and the seven so-called offensive photographs were only a small part of the show, off to themselves where no one had to notice them, and his unemotional men with large objects in their orifices and his small children exposing their genitals are as austerely rendered as his flowers, really...."

So's your old man.

My father didn't like the arts. He wished the June Taylor Dancers wouldn't keep breaking in on Jackie Gleason, and he didn't like *Hamlet*. I know because our family went to a performance of *Hamlet* once, when I was home on vacation from college, and my father didn't like it.

Of course, I agreed with him about the June Taylor Dancers. And T. S. Eliot had reservations about *Hamlet*. But T. S. Eliot liked *some* things about *Hamlet*, whereas my father didn't. In fact, I don't think anybody on either side of my family liked the arts until my generation. They all liked church.

So it did not seem outlandish to me when a prospective juror in the Mapplethorpe obscenity trial in Cincinnati last year said he'd never been to a museum and couldn't relate to art or to people who did: "They're into that type of stuff. These people are in a different class. Evidently they get some type of satisfaction looking at it. I don't understand artwork." What is outlandish to me, quite frankly, is taking a picture of yourself with a whip up your ass, or suspending a crucifix in urine. It's a free country; people have every right to do these things, and other people have every right to show them as art. I'm always interested, myself, in what people who think of themselves as artists will think of next. What I don't understand is how people can be shocked when government funding of such art plays into philistines' hands.

I remember when selling liquor was illegal in Mississippi. Efforts to repeal that prohibition were overwhelmed by a powerful lobbying axis: demon-rum-denouncing preachers and bootleggers. There is a similar de facto alliance between people like Jesse Helms, Rev. Donald Wildmon and Pat Buchanan on the one hand, and enthusiasts of subsidized nose-thumbing art on the other. The former get to holler, "Praise the Lord and pass the dirty pictures," and the latter get to be causes célèbres.

A de facto alliance: Helms and Buchanan get to holler, and the artists get to be causes célèbres

In Mississippi, the victim was whoever wanted to order a drink or shop at a package store like a civilized person. In the controversy over the NEA, the victims are arts projects that need public funding because they are neither conventionally vulgar enough to attract the broad ticket-buying public nor unconventionally vulgar enough to make Helms lick his chops and *Newsweek* print pictures and so on.

Even liberals are suggesting it might be best just to abolish the NEA. No skin off my nose. Here's what I think about government money: It ought to be readily available to people who can't get by without it, but if you can avoid taking any of it, you ought to. Especially these days. Take money from the current federal government and you're getting in bed with a bunch of—well, I'd feel more comfortable with a whip up my ass.

But maybe there is a way to save the NEA, if only to keep the money that currently goes to it from being diverted to drug lords valued by the CIA. Is there a kind of art that is held in high esteem and displayed with pleasure by people all across the aesthetico-political spectrum?

Yes. Children's art.

Children's artistry is a delicate blossom, all too soon pressed and dried by authority-figure and even peer review ("That's not how a cat's foot goes"). I hate to think of children's drawings coming into the purview of arts councils. But child artists wouldn't have to know they were being funded. They could just know that they had enough to eat and a safe place to sit and draw. Call me old-fashioned, but I'll bet that many of the children in this country who lack those things today could produce art that would feed the common soul, and also discomfit the powers that be, more effectively than any grown-up going *Nyah-nyah-nyah-nyah-nyah.*

Also, hey, the bottom has dropped out of the adult art market, and there are a lot of refrigerators and magnets out there.

Copyrighted material

© LORILLARD, 1992

PORTRAITS of PLEASURE™

KENT

gives you a Light with pleasure.



Light. Lighter. Lightest.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

Kent: 12 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine; Kent Golden Lights: 8 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine; Kent III: 3 mg. "tar," 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

SAUZA

SAUZA
CONMEMORATIVO

TEQUILA
AÑEJO

ELABORADO POR
TEQUILA SAUZA, S.A.
NUNEZ 80 – TEQUILA JALISCO
Reg. SSA. No. 66492B Marca Reg.
Reg. Fed. Causts. Tsa. 671208
40% ALC. BY VOL.
PRODUCT OF MEXICO
HECHO EN
MEXICO
NOM 1102-I

CONMEMORATIVO

100% festive tequila

The essence of Mexico. Passionate. Colorful.
Liberating. Naturally gold. For over 100 years.
Decidedly different. Uncommonly smooth.

DOMECQ IMPORTERS INC. OLD GREENWICH, CT 40% ALC./VOL.